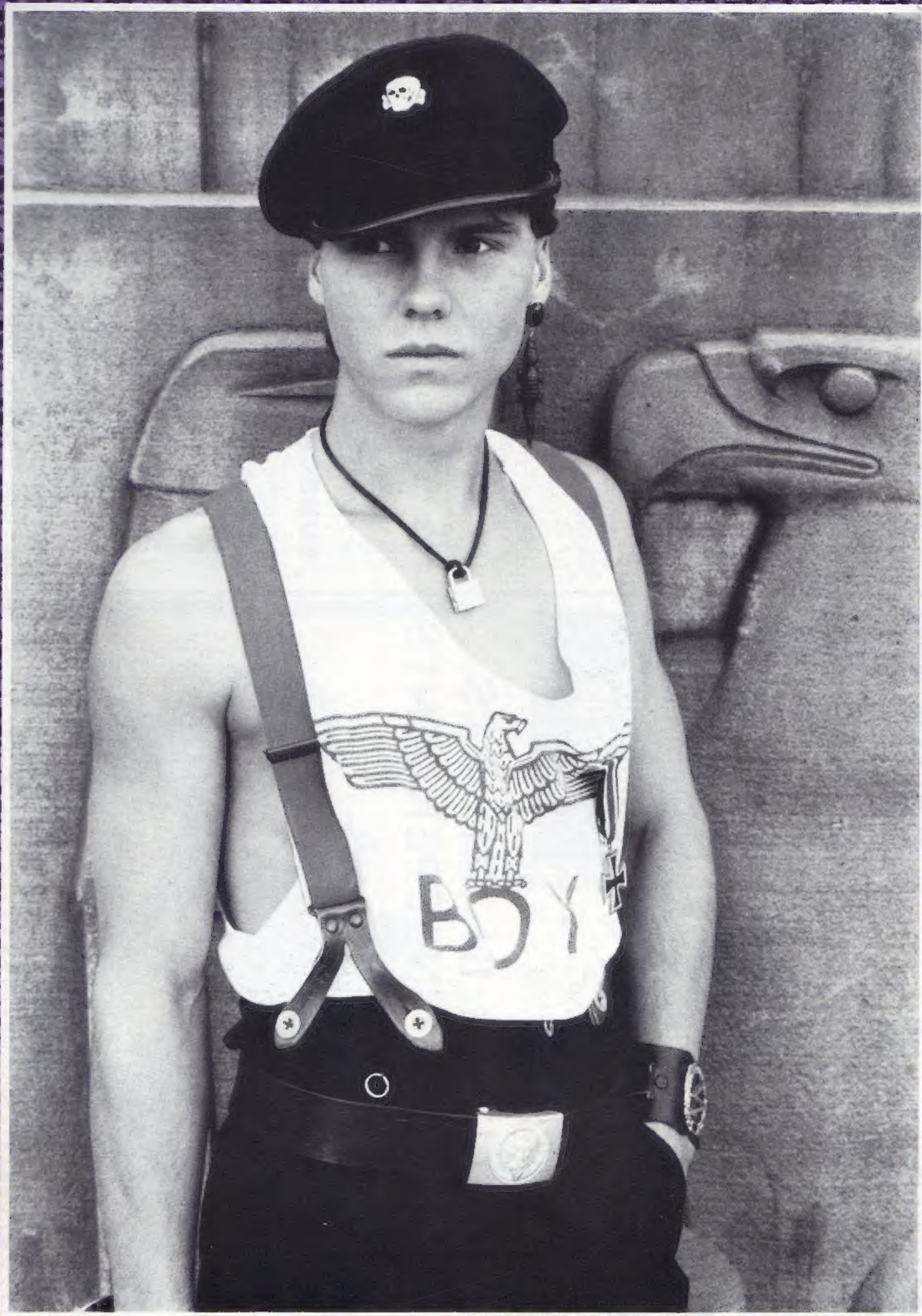


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Cover photo by Fred H. Berger
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SKINNY PUPPY



Photo: Kevin Westenberg

DWAYNE GÖTTEL

NIVEK OGRE

CEVIN KEY

WRITTEN BY ALICIA STILLMAN

"I set my genius to portray the pleasures of cruelty."
— from Lautreamont's *Maldoror* (1869).

Skinny Puppy: industrial shock horror death metal synth noise terror theatrical performance art (mandatory label application).

Skinny Puppy singer Ogre's bible: Lautreamont's *Maldoror*, the first piece of surrealist writing, full of images of torture and other forbidden horrors. Like the mad Frenchman 118 years before, Skinny Puppy have given rich expression to the ecstasy of pain, chaos, and mortal terror.

May 1987: A Skinny Puppy press conference at Capital Records in New York City. The room is full of reporters, photographers, and record company people jabbering away in excited anticipation. All this pretentious, drawn out babble gives me a headache, and my eyes are peeled for the nearest escape hatch. But with morbid thoughts of Skinny Puppy dancing in my head, paralysis sets in. "You're in for the long pull," a voice from within tells me. I pause, and ponder, "Are these three Canadians anything more than posturing, vainglorious rock stars masquerading as artists?" I pray this is not so.

At long last Skinny Puppy file in; they look tired and ill at ease amidst the ravenous media weasels who pounce with murderous glee. Perhaps the Puppies are human after all. Ogre's arms are covered with cuts and bruises. He waits for the first question — "Do you consider yourself or your music abnormal?" The former magician dead pans, "Normality and abnormality are questionable things. Our music is quite different in that it takes certain elements from "normal" music, as well as the use of a lot of gruffness, and takes things the opposite way. As opposed to getting clean sounds, we get unclean sounds."

Kevin Cey (percussion/guitar) interjects that the reason he and Dwyane Goettel (synth) quit their respective bands to form Skinny Puppy was, "We weren't getting any satisfaction out of the music until we misused the things we were trying so hard to keep clean,...keep nice all along." Keep "nice", indeed. Bless their black little hearts.

Ogre's speaking voice is low and well modulated, a far cry from its stage and vinyl manifestations. His interview mode is poised and polite; no trace of the maniacal stage and recording beast is in evidence. What then are the influences behind these drastic transformations?

Ogre: "My influences are everybody and everything. Walking down a New York City street, the sound of a can of baby food being opened and spooned into my mouth. Every bit of music has done its good and bad. As well, as lot of Skinny Puppy's music involves context — taking one voice out of a situation and placing it into another to change the meaning."

I ask what prompted him to get into music in the first place. Was it disturbance? Catharsis?

Ogre: "Well, if you can imagine three pillars of your life — family, a relationship, business. In 1982 they all crumbled for me and all I was left with was this big void. There was nothing I could go grab onto for a moment

and say, 'Hold me; hold me for a second while I get this other thing together.' That's what it was for me, a real kind of therapy, and it always has been. When I go on stage it's a different persona, but it's a very real persona to me, and it's expelling things every night.

Skinny Puppy live (a literary parallel):

"a sharp burning sensation in the limbs, muscles twisted as if flayed, the sense of being made of glass and breakable, a fear, a recoiling of movement and noise..."

"renunciation of this simple gesture, a staggering and central fatigue, a kind of gasping fatigue, movements must be recomposed, a sort of deathlike fatigue, a fatigue of the mind in carrying out the simplest muscular contraction, the gesture of grasping, of unconsciously clinging to some thing, must be sustained by a constant effort of the will..."

— *A Description Of A Physical State*
by Antonin Artaud (1929)

The live show (a personal impression): A wonderful, frightening illusion. A writhing, twisting mass of flesh in search of the ultimate sensation/release. Ogre tricks you by hiding his shadows well. Before you know it you're drawn in. Is this really happening? Red, red everywhere. No, this can't be real. Strange is the feeling of one's flesh crawling.

Skinny Puppy cleanse, fold, and manipulate. The gods smiled upon the red night. My prayers have been answered. ■



Paul Natkin

LAIBACH



Laibach: the stormtroopers of performance art, on a mission to enslave the world.

TEXT BY FRED BERGER

Amidst the fleeting candy-coated blur of whimpy pop music fluff stands an unshakeable force, the mailed fist called Laibach. The youth of the West have become total mush, weakened and corrupted by a junk food diet of androgynous teen idols, mind-bending psychedelics, suicidal punk anarchy, and bleeding heart romanticism. The only source of strength and direction left is Laibach, who reassure us with the law and order of their harsh totalitarianism.

With grim ashen faces, SS haircuts, and the fashion sense of Stalinist commissars, these five Yugoslavs look like the Thought Police of George Orwell's "1984". They are a gray unemotional propaganda poster trumpeting the virtues of dictatorship and the inevitable demise of individualism. To them the individual is an enemy of the common good, a fiction created by greedy capitalists. They are contemptuous of humor and merry making, adhering to Darwin's belief that "laughter is an expression mostly common to idiots." In fact, the usually stoical Cabaret Voltaire were

severely reprimanded by Laibach for joking around in a public bar. After all, Joseph Stalin did say, "The artist's role as engineer of human souls is too serious to be jeopardized through promiscuous laughter." And besides, in the view of these humorless police state party poopers, the British are a morally bankrupt people with nothing left to laugh at.

Laibach espouses the ideals of folk and fatherland, blood and soil, the inherent nobility of the peasantry, the virtues of discipline and self-sacrifice, the cult of youth, the collectivisation of human labor, and permanent revolution. Their view of the future is that of a jackboot stepping on a human face: the boot being the metaphor for the almighty state, the face being the metaphor for the weakness of liberal humanism and self-interest. They see the collectivised man as the perfect being, a faceless cog in the machinery of the dictatorship. Human labor is wasted unless harnessed and directed by a higher will. They would argue that the law of gravity is nonsense, that no such law exists. If the state were to declare that we all float, then we all float. If Big Brother were to tell us $2 + 2 = 5$, then 5 it is. Men are infinitely malleable; belief is stronger than knowledge;

reality is whatever the propaganda apparatus says it is.

Laibach are a modern day "pop" legacy of Adolf Hitler and Joseph Stalin. Although thoroughly discredited, they did wield absolute power over hundreds of millions and shook the world to its foundations as it has never been shaken before. Laibach, by its own admission, seek to do likewise through mass media, music, and performance art. Using the seductive symbols and slogans of fascism and Bolshevism, they attempt to mesmerize European youth in the hope of forging a "United States of Europe", where all nations and all cultures are to be one, under one government and one leader.

Their concerts are bedecked with banners bearing the hammer and sickle, red star, swastika, and Iron Cross. Their militaristic march music, Wagnerian overtures, and inspiring fanfares crash forth as Soviet and Nazi newsreels of the 1930s and '40s play upon a huge movie screen backdrop. A member of the band chops wood in time to the music as utopian images of agricultural, industrial, and military prowess parade past in bold strokes of the propagandist's brush. With Darth Vader vocals spouting slogans that sound like Benito Mussolini's greatest hits, Laibach articulates its heavy-handed authoritarian ideology. To make their message accessible to as many Europeans as possible, the songs are sung in both English and German. Their fanaticism further manifests itself in the usage of Roman inspired Nazi-era sculpture on album jackets and posters to represent their uncompromising resolve to unite the continent and to idealize European civilization. Even the group's name has Nazi origins; their home town of Ljubljana was called Laibach by its German occupiers.

Laibach's glorification of tyranny is so exquisitely designed, utterly intoxicating, and deceptively charming that it assumes all the dignity and prestige of a brave new art form. The huge, blind excitement of a Laibach rally comes across like some magical mystical date with destiny, like an event of historical proportions. It flatters its participants into thinking that they have been initiated into something much larger than themselves. It is to know the sweet, sublime ecstasy of total obedience to a higher cause, a superior will. It is here, in the vice grip of highly structured and politicized sensory overload, that one realizes the freedom that comes when individual ego surrenders to unquestioning loyalty. Laibach offers order and discipline in place of fear and uncertainty; and in these trying times, who could ask for anything more?

Laibach's new album "Opus Dei" is a totally enthralling precision mix of powerful electronics, classical bravura, and monstrous vocals. It is strictly from the dark side of the force, with a spirit of ruthlessness and heroism that recalls the savage glory of the Roman Empire, the Crusades, and the Third Reich. The first three songs on side 1 are all in German, the language best suited to this record's merciless sense of Teutonic urgency. The other songs are no less melodramatic in their worship of ultra-macho nationalism. Consider lyrics like "We shall go on to the end. We shall fight and never surrender," or "So noble a toast, as to the free and strong men of the nation." Horn marches, crashing militaristic percussion, and brave choruses are the stuff of an ancient warrior creed. With

the sounds of rolling thunder, wind, and church bells, the effect is undeniably stirring.

It is precisely these characteristics, so foreign to western pop sensibilities, which attracted post-punk choreographer Michael Clark to Laibach. Clark, a subversive revolutionary in his own right, enlisted Laibach to do the musical score for his "No Fire Escape In Hell," a modern dance performance which took classical ballet by the throat and gave it a good shaking up. These humorless Yugoslavs were as much a shock to an unsuspecting public as Michael Clark's boys in tutus with punk hairdos. The pounding Draconian beat of Laibach may be suitable for marching or breakdancing, but for ballet it's more like Vlad the Impaler meets the Sugarplum Fairy. The unflinching regimentation of the band combined with the hectic depravity of the dancers ends up in one big ball of confusion. But in the thundering words of Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche, "Out of chaos comes order"; in this case it's the order of revolutionary change.

To the liberal establishment, both Laibach and Michael Clark smack of "Neo-fascism" - Laibach for its totalitarian views, Clark for reasons ranging from his embracing of such a musical group to the blond stubble on his head on down to his steadfast refusal to jump on the anti-apartheid or "peace" bandwagons making the rounds lately among the art elite. Despite the contrast of temperament, the musicians and



A 1940 granite relief by German sculptor Arno Breker. For Laibach, art and politics are one.



dancers of "No Fire Escape In Hell" have achieved a unique pan-European collaboration spanning the East/West divide with a single independent artistic vision. And they did it without regard to contemporary morals born of baseless European fear and guilt. Laibach carries the torch, Michael Clark simply exercised his cultural instincts; apparently he knows the difference between a bandwagon and destiny.

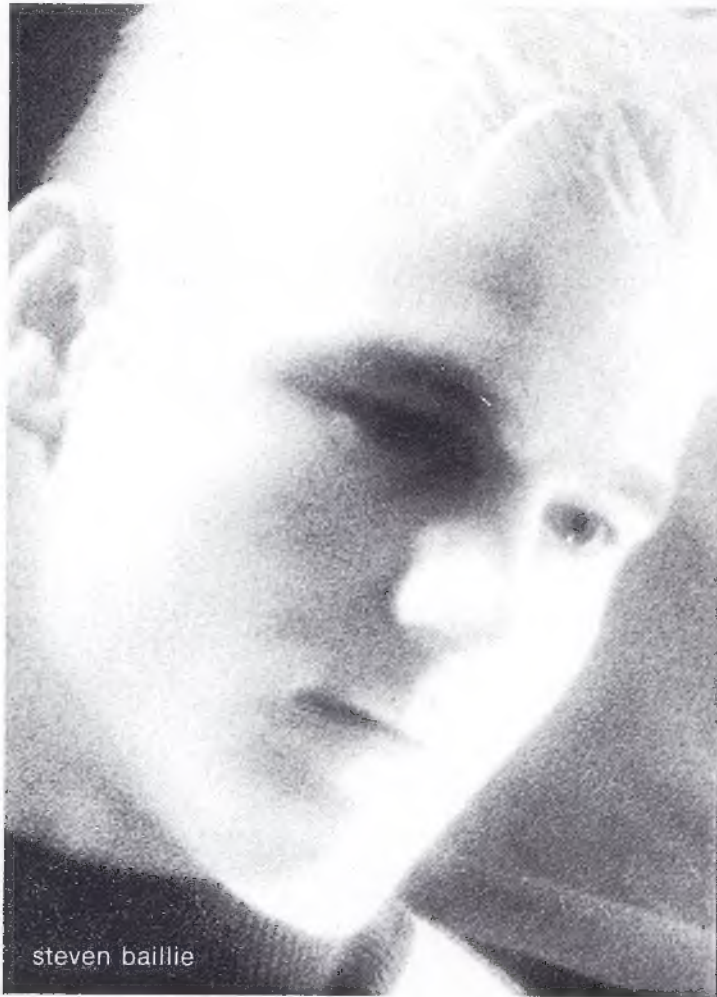
For more on "No Fire Escape In Hell" see Propaganda issue No. 9.

Photo: Tom Brazil

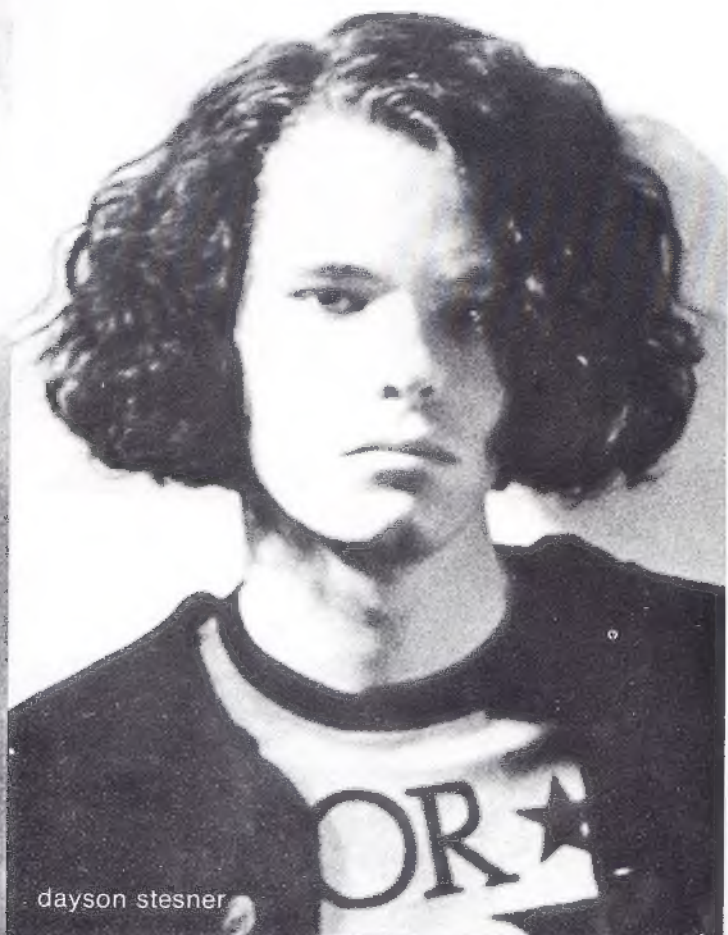


"No Fire Escape in Hell": a heady brew of camp hedonism and GESTAPO tactics.

screaming for emily



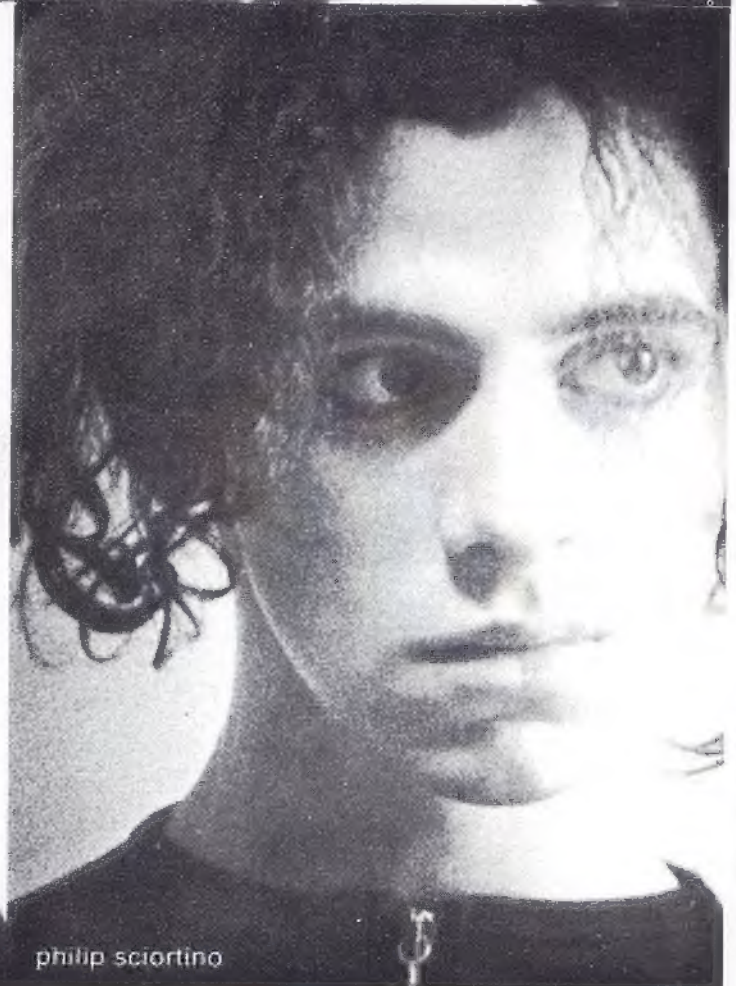
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IRON YOUTH

TEXT AND PHOTOS BY FRED BERGER

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"The strength of the nation lies in its youth." Every 20th Century dictator from Benito Mussolini to Fidel Castro has used this captivating phrase to rally the young to their cause. By means of brave slogans, flashy uniforms and patriotic songs, youthful trust and enthusiasm have been drawn into the service of tyranny.

However, some would argue that this is no worse than the drug abuse, promiscuity and lawlessness which have so cruelly visited themselves upon the youth of today's western democracies. But one thing is certain, whether Red Guard or Hitler Youth, these children of the *total* state are a convincing picture of strength. All done up in their natty little outfits, they are indisputable testimony to fashion as propaganda.



THE CUTTING EDGE



Photo: Fred Berger / model: Wayne Arents

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PHOTOS AND STYLING BY FRED BERGER

MODELS: GREGORY AND ALICIA



Stardust Memories

WRITTEN BY FRED BERGER

Alright then, so blame it on David Bowie; he's the one who started the whole androgynous glam thing way back in the early 70s. As Ziggy Stardust, the sexually ambiguous space invader, he promised to liberate the children of earth from the burden of gender. With snow white tan and winning smile he convinced them that to be androgynous was to be beautiful, popular, and free — even superior. No one could resist him; his charisma and sex appeal were overwhelming. With songs like "Moonage Daydream" and "Lady Stardust" he touched feelings young people never knew they had, and filled their heads with intoxicating visions of the most profound beauty. In less than two years he had succeeded in twisting millions of mixed up kids around his little finger, and forever changed the face of rock 'n' roll. David Bowie was indeed "The Man Who Sold The World".

Since then there's been an endless parade of pop music gender benders all of whom worshipped Ziggy like some brave Apollo, leaving them absolutely no choice but to follow the course he had set for them. The

most prominent and accomplished of these post-Ziggy androgyns was Peter Murphy of the legendary Bauhaus (1979-1983). His Bowiesque bone structure and faithful adaptation of the master's vocal and theatrical techniques were vital elements in the Bauhaus formula for success. The band's exquisitely authentic recreation of Bowie's "Ziggy Stardust" theme song leaves no doubt as to the object of their affection. Here Peter sounds exactly like Bowie, and in the video, naked to the waist, he receives the grabbing adoration of a swarm of teen goths. Their longing desire turns to frenzy and Peter, "Ziggy" in this case, is bound and caged like a wild animal. The roots of the sexual tension and confusion employed by Peter Murphy and Bauhaus can be easily traced.

Bowie's Ziggy, however, was a creature of space-age fantasy, whereas Bauhaus placed him in a gothic horror context — a dungeon to be exact — reminiscent of 1930s Dracula and Frankenstein movies. Bauhaus made its recording debut with the single "Bela Lugosi Is Dead," and from that point on they cultivated a dread



David Bowie in the concert film *Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders From Mars*.



**They called him "the man who would be Bowie."
Peter Murphy (left) as the new Ziggy.**

and demonic mystique revolving around the vampiric aura of Peter Murphy. It was a suitable disguise; after all, are vampires not glamorous androgyns with the power to seduce and enslave both women and men? In the 1983 thriller *The Hunger* this line of reasoning was taken to its ultimate and inevitable conclusion, bringing together David Bowie as a 300-year-old club-hopping bloodsucker and Bauhaus as a goulsh band playing one of his Godforsaken Manhattan hangouts. Bowie and Murphy spark a chemical reaction which erupts with dark, sensual energy. Obviously director Tony Scott was fully aware of the dramatic impact of this unholy alignment.

In his 1986 interview with *Propaganda*, ex-Bauhaus guitarist Daniel Ash confesses, "David Bowie in the Ziggy Stardust period was an incredible influence. That's why I'm so fucked up now - ha, ha, ha! I remember seeing 'Star Man' on Top Of The Pops and thought, 'Oh yes, this is where it's at.' And in a way it still is." True Danny, there are still a lot of fond feelings for the Star Man. As recently as late fall 1987, post-adolescent trendies were dancing to "Sufragette City" and "Jean Genie" at Scream in Los Angeles. Hovering over them was a giant slide projection of *Aladine Sane* Ziggy while video monitors played scenes from the concert film *Ziggy Stardust And The Spiders From Mars*.

Combining Ziggy sci-fi and Bauhaus horror, Specimen pushed the outer limits of pop androgyny into a forbidden zone of transsexual mutation. With shaved legs and raw nerve, vocalist Ollie Wisdom and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 43



Jonny Slut of transsexual Transylvania.

Fred Berger

Gaye Bykers on Acid

Article & Interview
by Stephanie Young

Grebo Fairies Take a Trip



Gaye Bykers On Acid beam down from Planet Zog

Beaming down from planet Zog, the Gaye Bykers on Acid land in New York City. Today is only their third day in the Piece Art capital of the world, and already the foursome from Leicester (the northwestern hemisphere of Zog) are causing vibrations among the insiders. Their five-day mission: to seek out new venues and explore strange new acoustic and metaphysical dimensions. TO BOLDLY GO WHERE NO ROCK BAND HAS GONE BEFORE. They come equipped with the surreal stuff and a destiny not even known to them. Let's see what's boiling beneath their interplanetary duds.

Mary Montana Wildhack is Starship Captain. He fronts the band with his intergalactic fairness, a facade

that quickly vanishes once his intellect is unveiled. This man leaves little to be desired once engaged in conversation. Next in line is guitarist Tony (the man of dreadlocks and granny specs), a quiet soul, who would rather converse through television than his mouth. Then there's Robber Nam Veteran, who plays bass and assures me that they are indeed more popular than God on the planet Zog, and claims no venue shall challenge them. Last, but indeed not least, is drummer Kevin Eleven, a very surreal character with a most definitely warped sense of humor and no time for interviews. Ranks identified. The band has released several singles in their native Zog and an E.P. which contains two outstanding tracks to help their

overthrow of the world. But how did this mission begin? At Starfleet Command? Mary Montana explains:

"He came out of his mother's womb [pointing to Tony]. I came out of my mother's womb, and he was put together by a chemist scientist..." he says, pointing to Robber. "From bits of bodies left over from Vietnam," adds Robber. That's nice. I didn't know that people from the planet Zog had heard of Vietnam. But I guess when you're as popular as God, you hear about a lot of things. So, what are your plans for the near future, guys?

"Well, we're making a movie. Would you like to see a storyboard?" asks Mary. Sure. "Okay, I'll show it to you later." What's this movie going to be about? "It's based on a book called *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* by Hunter S. Thompson. Have you heard of Hunter S. Thompson? He writes for *Rolling Stone*."

Will you be performing and acting in this movie? "Yeah, both," answers Mary. "It's about the destruction and demoralization in the rock and roll world. We're gonna try and get Ozzy Osbourne to play a priest. We're also inviting Joe Strummer and various other luminaries to participate." Sounds interesting. But besides making a movie, aren't you going to record your first album? (the follow-up to the *Nosedive Karma* E.P.) "Yeah." What's that going to sound like?

"Curiosity Killed the Cat," answers Robber with a sly grin. Ha. Ha. Very funny. (I was scheduled to interview Curiosity after these characters and made the mistake of disclosing this information.) Mary continues, "Like the Doors meet everything, or Jimi Hendrix meets everything." Aesthetically speaking though, how far do you think you can take your sound? "We can take our sound a long way since we're so bad at the moment — we can only get good," says Mary. "Unfortunately, we won't be playing the songs that are going to be on our next album, when we open up for the Cult at the Felt Forum. We haven't written them properly yet."

Since the majority of junior Culties who attend the concert at the Felt Forum have probably never heard of a band called Gaye Bykers on Acid, I wonder how they will break new ground in this country. "By making the Dead Kennedys popular," replies Mary. "I mean like massive." Obviously, a big Jello Biafra fan. I let him continue. "We've got a chance to say lots of things because we're on a big label now. People hear a stupid name and will want to know what our band's about." Needless to say, Mary wore his Jello Biafra t-shirt at the Felt Forum. I guess images do speak louder than words. Or is it the Gaye Byker philosophy that speaks loudest of all? "We're talking Freudian language — concepts of Dali and surrealism. What we say in interviews will mean nothing because we're sooo deep. You have to embrace the concept as a whole. We're noisy, spontaneous and sad. We're real human beings off the street. So deep, so true." So full of shit!

At this point, I turn to guitarist Tony, who has been very quiet throughout the interview, and ask him for a quote. "I'll say something surreal. A fish has been knighted. Surreal, man." Thank you, Tony.

"Tony's the sex symbol of the band," explains Robber. I guess that explains his quiet disposition, then, uh? "Yeah," says Mary. "All we're doing is



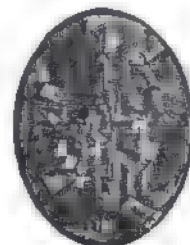
Clockwise from top left: Kevin, Tony, Robber, Mary.

peddling sex — cheap, depraved, smutty sex." I see, which brings us to Mary's next statement. "Our band has been described as bad sex." When? Sometimes? "All the time," says Tony. A comment that Mary can't resist contributing to. "Probably because sex is sometimes bad; it's not always brilliant, is it?" No. "There you go." But sometimes it is brilliant. Now using that metaphor, does your band ever reach the status of brilliant sex? "Oh yeah." When? "When we're in control of all our senses." After ten tabs of acid. "No, not at all. When we've had a quick cold shower and a good ten mile job." Yeeaaaah...well...

Furthering my spiritual journey into the dark Freudian recesses of the Gaye Byker mind, I find the distant future. "I really want a house in the countryside with lots of kids running around. I don't want to work. I just want to concentrate on writing my novels," says Mary. "Oh, you're such a hippy, Mary," snaps Robber. "There's no difference between a hippy and a punk," smiles Mary. Well, I guess he's right. The only difference is hair length.

Switching the tables on me, Mary suddenly cries out, "Aren't you even going to ask me why I'm called Mary?" Okay, why are you called Mary? "It's a nickname. It was from this woman who gave good head in the Sex Pistols' movie *The Great Rock and Roll Swindle*. She was a character in the movie. She's a nymphomaniac and I'm named after her." Oh. "I'm also called Montana Wildhack, a character in *Slaughterhouse-Five*. I love Kurt Vonnegut Jr. I suppose we should talk about William Burroughs because we're in New York, but I think he's a boring, overrated smack fiend. I think smack sucks shit." Laudets for Mary. The good lad concludes our interview. "what is Zen philosophy, Stephanie?" Beats me. All I know is that Everything's Groovy on this side of the galaxy.

Signs of Intelligent Life?



A Cubist Inquiry.





Article & Interview
by

THE MISSION

Keeping the Faith

Laurie Russo



The Mission: (l. to r.) Mick Brown, Simon Kinkler, Wayne Hussey, Craig Adams.

Exam question number 1 — Choose the correct statement from the following choices: A.) The Mission have sold out. B.) The Mission are just the Sisters of Mercy part 2, really. C.) The Mission are mindless gothic monstrosities. D.) Absolutely, positively none of the above.

If you choose A, B, or C, you've most definitely got a lot to learn. Read on to receive your education. Those of you who choose D, good for you. Go to the head of the class!

Unlike the traditional gothic death merchants of pop music The Mission are all too often taken for, they actually are a jolly happy lot. And why not, what with a loyal following that's as well known as the band, a hit album (*God's Own Medicine*), five consecutive hit singles and a six week North American tour under their belts, The Mission certainly have a lot to smile about, especially when you consider their relatively short existence.

And so to that well traveled road, back to the roots of The Mission. Comprising singer/guitarist Wayne Hussey (ex-Sisters of Mercy), bassist Craig Adams (also an ex-Sister), guitarist Simon Hinkler (ex-Artery), and drummer Mick Brown (ex-Red Lorry Yellow Lorry), the band had a short career as the Sisterhood in the early months of 1986. Ex-Sister Andrew Eldritch then won a legal battle to use that name for his own band. Our heroes changed their name to The Mission and in May 1986 released their first single "Serpent's Kiss" on the independent Chapter 22 label. (That single has so far spent an astonishing one and a half consecutive years in the indie charts and was the top selling indie single of 1986.) After a double A-sided second chart hit "Garden of Delight/Like a Hurricane," The Mission signed a major deal with Polygram. Three consecutive Top 20 singles later and a scant year after their birth, here they are.

Phonogram press supremo Sian is in a bit of a state

today. It's 1:00 p.m. and her boys still haven't arrived at the office. A phone call to the hotel reveals that they are sitting in the hotel lobby, very well behaved, waiting for their car which is unfortunately late. Another call to the car company is met with the question, "Was it a car or a bike you wanted?" Sian collapses in a fit of nervous, exhausted laughter. "There's four of them! A BIKE??" 1:30 comes and there's actually only three of them. Craig is ill in bed, no doubt still recuperating from the now infamous end-of-tour party. Better late than never, The Mission arrive led by Wayne, resplendent as always in his purple Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat, complete with matching purple fingernails. All this so early in the day? I glance over at Sian. She's positively radiant; her day will proceed as planned. I get the funny feeling that mine won't.

I'm teamed up with Simon and Mick (whose main concern at the moment seems to be whether or not my name is Irish) as Wayne is hauled off to do an interview with someone from Finland. But he promises to join us afterwards, an event I'm sure I could manage to escape. Or could I?

So, guys, now that you're with a major label, you've had a string of chart successes and you've been on *Top of the Pops*; in some quarters the cry is "SELLOUT!" How do you answer this charge? I'm offered the reply in stereo. "Idiots!" say Simon and Mick in unison. "There's this trendy idea that just because you're making money and you're successful, you've sold out," continues Mick. "It's stupid, really, because if we didn't make good records, we wouldn't be successful, and if we weren't successful, chances are these people wouldn't have heard of us anyway — so what's the bloody point of what they're trying to say?" Simon joins in again. "Anyway, our real fans are happy for us, and they're glad we're doing well. What can we say to the other people except that we're happy

with what we're doing. Our fans are happy with it, and we'll continue doing it."

While we're on the subject of fans, The Mission's faithful, known as the "Eskimos," are probably the most celebrated group of fans in Europe. Surprisingly small in number (actual Eskimos number only about twenty; the rest are known as Missionaries), they even have their own special "Eskimo" t-shirts. Needless to say, they follow the band everywhere and can also be found at most gigs of sister band All About Eve. I ask what kind of relationship The Mission would like to have with their fans, Eskimos and Missionaries alike. Mick obliges. "Our fans are quite sweet. We get on really well with them. They know that we always show them respect so they do the same for us." "But," adds Simon, "there's always that elitist element — *not* the Eskimos — that feel no one else should enjoy us. Those aren't our real fans," he adds. "See, our fans are pretty important to us. If we treat them like rubbish, they'd never come back — then where would we be? Like with our fan club, we read every single letter addressed to us personally. We really do."

And The Mission are as good as their word. Recently, Wayne attended a London performance of All About Eve and was set upon by adoring fans from the very moment he arrived. Not once did he turn down a request for an autograph, a kiss, or a few minutes of conversation. Every fan received his undivided and patient attention until the next one cut in. Mission fans are a very lucky bunch indeed, especially when compared with how other bands treat their followers. I ask if the other band members resent Wayne being in the limelight. "No, not at all," offers Mick. "It's usually like that anyway; the lead singer gets the attention in most groups. It doesn't bother us at all, really." Simon laughs. "Yeah, it's the same way with the girls. There's a certain hierarchy, if you will, to being in a band. These girls strut backstage, boobs first, and go down the line. If the lead singer's not having any, they try the lead guitarist, then the bass player..." "Yeah, and the drummer's always last," sighs a wistful Mick, not without humor, and much to Simon's amusement.

Actually, I've noticed that Simon is perpetually bright and smiling. Now aren't The Mission supposed to be all dark and dreary and gothic and stuff? At least that's what the trendy little crypt dwellers would like to believe. But tell us in your own words, Simon, are you really all that miserable? The smile turns to a laugh. "No, not at all. Quite the opposite, in fact. We're actually very happy people!" Mick busies himself rolling a cigarette, then considers the question. "I don't know where we got that image, really. We don't put that across, I don't think. We have a good time, and anyone who's ever seen us on or off stage should know that!"

Ain't that the truth. In their early days, The Mission's off-stage reputation was such that they were denied an appearance on Britain's premier chart show *Top of the Pops* even after "Stay With Me" reached No. 11. The same applied to "Wasteland," but finally the BBC relented when "Severina" went Top 20 and The Mission enjoyed their heretofore finest professional moment. Oddly enough, "Severina" is one of the most played records on the jukebox of the Queen Vic, resident pub of the BBC's *Eastenders*, Britain's most popular TV show. Big time.

So what's next for The Mission? "Well, we're touring here, there, and everywhere for the next few months," answers Mick. Simon finishes. "We'll be doing some recording in the autumn, and there should be an album out in the new year."

Unfortunately, due to their late arrival, we have to end it there. "Nice boys," I think as we're walking through the maze of Phonogram corridors. Suddenly out of nowhere, we're cornered by you-know-who. Obviously, this interview isn't over yet!

"Oh, you're finished?" asks Mr. Hussey. "I wanted to

speak to you too." Inexplicably, Simon and Mick are spirited away by Sian, and I'm left alone with this person I've been slightly afraid to meet. Within minutes, I've learned a firm lesson about judging the proverbial book and we're chatting like old friends. He laughingly suggests that I only live in Islington because it's Spandau Ballet's hometown. I tell him he wouldn't even raise an eyebrow in Islington, not with Zodiac Mindwarp walking around. He counters quickly — "Oooh, I'll have to change that. I'll put on my best party frock!" He asks me what I think of *The Joshua Tree*, because he thinks it's brilliant. We mutually agree never to discuss the Cult — EVER. We also agree on arrangements to continue the interview when there's more time. He's altogether much more friendly and articulate than the flighty nut case I imagined. This is only one of the many illusions Wayne Hussey will shatter before we're through.

A few days later and Wayne is holding court magnificently at the Hammersmith Clarendon. Even though we are here to see All About Eve, until they hit the stage he is the undisputed star of the night, just by being there. "I love being the most famous person in the room," he giggles. "Everyone always keeps looking over to see what you're doing!" He obviously enjoys his role as a star, but what about a private life? "I don't really have one," he admits. "Sometimes I forget what it's like to just sit there watching television. I'm very rarely alone." (No comment....) "Hey wait a minute. Contrary to popular opinion, I do not take a different young lady to bed every night. Or even every week for that matter. There's so many stories circulating about me that just aren't bloody true. But what can I do about it?"

At first glance and at first read, Wayne Hussey is an idiot. A party animal. Drunken, uncouth, a purple fruitcake, etc. You name it, they've said it. A very slim (don't ever call him "skinny") person, quite often in a dress and with the ever present bottle of Blue Nun clutched in his painted fingers, I suppose it is rather difficult to take him seriously at first. But



Nancie Hemminger

Wayne Hussey on a shadowy mission in N.Y.C.

the public side is far removed from the private side, and to use his own favorite description of himself, there's more to him than meets the eye.

"Why does everyone always say I'm gothic?" he wonders as we peruse the lyrics of his newest song only written that day. "Why? Just because I use words like 'blood' and 'knife'? Alright then. I'm just soooo gothic!" Well maybe not necessarily "gothic," but you must admit, Wayne, that the majority of your songs are not exactly sunny and cheerful. "Severina" is downright scary. "But not all my songs are about death and misery. Take 'Love Me To Death,' right?" (Must we?) "That song is a celebration. A celebration of life and love." (It's also obscene.) "It's not obscene! Why is it obscene?" (Oh come on, Wayne). He relents a bit. "It's very ambiguous. It treads the fine line between obscenity and beauty. You could take it either way." (No it's not, no it doesn't and no you couldn't. It's just plain obscene.) "Only you would take it that way," he laughs, trying to turn it around and make *me* the pervy one. A sly one, this small but perfectly formed pain in the arse — but strangely endearing.

Wayne has on his turntable today a pre-release copy of All About Eve's new single "Our Summer." He's all smiles for a number of reasons. All About Eve are the band closest to The Mission, with singer Julianne being featured on the *God's Own Medicine* LP. And if that's not enough, "Our Summer" was produced by none other than Wayne and Simon. "They're such a brilliant band," enthuses Wayne. "Julianne has one of the best voices I've ever heard. She's lovely." And that she is. Actually beaming as the record plays on, I almost expect him to start handing out cigars. I steal off quietly to make a cup of tea during the haunting B-side "Lady Moonlight." Another Pleasant Valley Sunday...

It's been a lousy Sunday for Wayne Hussey. His beloved Liverpool have lost the only Cup competition they were left in and he's devastated. After a decent period of mourning (his) and gloating (mine), talk turns to the upcoming American tour. "I can just see it," he muses. "Two months of not knowing where I am. This is what it will feel like — interview, sound check, gig, interview, bed. Interview, interview, sound check, interview, gig, interview, interview..." But he knows that once he gets started, he'll have the time of his life. I'll be playing in all these places I've never heard of. I mean, places like Arizona only exist in my dreams, and now I'll actually be playing there."

The Mission face the grueling and unenviable task of trekking across Canada and the U.S. for almost two months. Then it's back to Europe and back to America again, followed by the recording of a new album and probably another British tour. Doesn't all this take a bit of a toll on your mental and physical health, not to mention your personal life? Wayne ponders the question for a moment. "Well," he begins. "Let's face it. I'm a musician. My job is to play gigs and make records. I don't really have time for much else, except maybe interviews and stuff. That's it. That's the extent of my life right now."

Ah, but then again, he's done it all before. Since it's the question on everyone's lips anyway — the one I *haven't* asked — Wayne takes this opportunity to set the record straight, once and for all, on the Sisters of Mercy. "Look, the Sisters were a great band, and I'm very proud to have been a part of it. But it's over. Finished. I just wish people would accept that and stop living in the past. The Sisters are no more."

And to their credit, The Mission do not rely heavily on the past glory of any of the four band members for their live show like some bands do. True, old Sisters fave rave-up number Iggy's "1969" does creep into the set, but strictly as a crowd pleaser, not as a cheap and desperate attempt to gain favor with the audience. That's really the last thing The Mission need. Wayne, Craig, Simon, and Mick are four very popular young men these days and for some startlingly obvious reasons too. Besides being talented musicians, they enjoy a



Laurie Russo

And the dance goes on at Brixton Academy, London.

warm relationship with their audience, based on mutual respect and affection. Not a bad foundation to build upon. And these are early days yet.

The night before they're due to depart for America, Craig, Simon and Mick return to London, and The Mission reunite for a rave-up of their own. The next morning, Wayne is still awake, a bit off his game, and can't wait to sleep on the plane. As he stumbles into the hotel lobby with wet hair and a three-day growth on his face, he still looks every inch the star. But does he look too rough to pass inspection at Immigration? "I can just imagine it — I'll lose my voice on the first night of the tour and get deported for lack of artistic merit," he jokes. (Not bad for 10 a.m. I still think the guy is a walking sense of humor.)

So as I watch The Mission head off for the airport, ready, willing and able to conquer America, I feel a strange sense of loss. I realize this has been no ordinary interview, and I'm really going to miss Wayne and the boys. But they'll no doubt touch many more lives on their travels. Mission Accomplished.

MISSION UPDATE: Many things have changed since this interview was first written. The six-week American tour lasted three months, the highlights being an appearance on Joan Rivers' talk show and a mini-tour with the Psychedelic Furs, culminating with a show at New York's famed Radio City Music Hall. The low point being bassist Craig Adams' collapse from nervous exhaustion and subsequent return to the U.K. On the British side, Phonogram has released a compilation of the early Chapter 22 tracks, appropriately entitled *The First Chapter*, which, appropriately, shot into the Top 20 immediately upon release. The Mission have supported U2 twice in Britain, headlined the Reading Rock Festival and made yet another trip to the U.S. The Mission just released their new album called *Children* and introduced it to an unsuspecting American public with a mini-tour of the States this past February ■



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RADICAL

TEXT AND PHOTOS BY FRED BERGER



Buzzing the sunbaked pavements of Los Angeles like angry hornets, skate punks ride the crest of the concrete wave with reckless abandon. To be young and foolhardy, and living in southern California where life's a beach and the action never stops — this is the stuff that rebel dreams are made of. All it takes are a few wild looking kids doing gravity defying stunts like Christ airs, Madonnas, and acid drops to get the local P.D. very p.o.ed. Skateboards are confiscated and ramps closed, but the joke is on the flatfoots. Just when they think they've cleansed the surface

world of menacing sidewalk surfers, the kids have gone above to skate rooftops and below into empty pools and pipelines.

And what good are these thrill seeking daredevils without the cutup T-shirts, high top sneakers, and bitchin' boards all ablaze with the heroic imagery of the skull and crossbones, the Iron Cross, the rising sun, and other symbols from the cult of recklessness. Blood, bandages, and scars are also a nice touch. The music of choice is speed metal, and the motto is "Skate or Die." Now is this "radical" or what?



L.A. NIGHTS

WRITTEN BY FRED BERGER

Thanks to yuppies and the fear of AIDS, New York has been suffering from a serious shortage of happening night spots lately. But in Los Angeles, there's been a staggering proliferation of renegade one-night clubs that makes you wonder just what inarnation is going on here. These safe havens for L.A.'s incurably hip operate in a dark and secretive world which, if discovered by the uncool masses, would be trampled out of existence. They frequently change locations, and publicity is primarily by word-of-mouth to which only a select few are privy.

The most diabolical and intriguing of these underground hangouts is *Scream*, last known to be residing comfortably on Saturday nights at the Park Plaza Hotel, an aging monolith of regal grandeur now languishing in a seedy downtown area of the city. Bela Lugosi would have felt very much at home with its marble interior, Persian rugs, massive chandeliers, and imposing staircase. Its lobby, reception room, and banquet hall are yawning caverns echoing with the end-time merrymaking of pale, thin night creatures dressed in black. Mad shadows dash across distant ceilings as slide projectors cast giant images from old horror movies. The tunes are those of Ziggy Stardust-era Bowie, Love And Rockets, Sisters Of Mercy, Siouxsie, and other objects of goth and glam idol worship. The impact of all this on the senses and psyche is immediate, dramatic, and exhilarating.

Whereas *Scream* is L.A.'s supreme *Danse Macabre*, its weekly *Battle of Glamoureddon* is at the Cathouse on Highland Ave. in Hollywood. Tuesday nights were never quite like this, with the most gorgeous sex kittens and prettiest boy dolls Tinsel Town has to offer. Their teased hair and lipstick cry out for affection, but it's all pretty much just for show; after all, this is the age of "look but don't touch" (unless we get married and use condoms). Even so, everyone seems to be doing just fine all dressed up, drinking, and dancing to the live wire sounds of Aerosmith, Guns And Roses, New York Dolls, and Faster Pussycat. Good times just don't get much better than this. There's even exclusive parking for Harley Davidsons at the front door; now that's class.

The hottest brand new club that everyone's raving about is *Egg Salad* on Saturday nights at the Los Angeles Design Center. The people who run it are the same mischievous imps who put on the notorious *Dirt Box*, an outlaw club which drifted from one warehouse to another for six months before getting busted in '86 for selling alcohol without a license. Such is the stuff of which legends are made, and with a glorious history like that to pave the way it's no wonder *Egg Salad* is such a hit with the youthful anti-establishment underground.

A fantastically innovative approach to clubbing is the L.A. Party Bus. This outrageous floating club on wheels makes stops at all the coolest night spots in town. There are two buses, each with a large fiberglass

Sphinx mounted on top. If you're beautiful and trendy you get a ride, but to allow Middle America on board is to contaminate the clandestine establishments along its mysterious route. Drinks are served and the music is positively bitchin'. Stops include clubs which are as uninviting as their names — *Ground Zero*, *Limbo Lounge*, the *Surprising Taste Of No-Wax Formica*, and other fabulous dens of ill repute. With a margic carpet ride to wing the children of the night to their favorite destinations, just think of all the drunk punks who won't be DWI tonight. Hurrah for the Party Bus!

So what's the bottom line of all this after hours revelry, this desperate compulsion to be hip until it hurts? Well, let me tell you darlings, it's "Less Than Zero." But when you're young and restless, and living in the City of Angels (in this case fallen angels) it doesn't really matter as long as you're on the guest list. And in the bloodshot madness of dawn, the lost generation drinks up and with a tired smile whispers good night. ■



Jay David Buchsbaum

New heros of the Hollywood Babylon, Mark and Brent of the up and coming *Faster Pussycat*. Their favorite clubs are the *Cathouse*, *Scream*, and the *Rainbow Bar and Grill*.



Alicia in her "Scream" jacket.



Dom of Demolition Gore Galore.



Glam cop at the Cat House.



Jonny Specimen clone at Scream.

Photos on this page by Fred Berger

GUNS N' ROSES



Photo: Fred Barger

Axl wows them at the Ritz (N.Y.C.). Welcome to the Jungle.

The urge to talk about the wild rumors surrounding Guns N' Roses was intense. The temptation to discuss the womanizing, the brawling and the boozing was almost irresistible. That's what everyone wants to hear about, right? The dirt, the stirred up mud. But no — this is an art magazine, a sanctimonious highbrow publication dedicated to covering the music of the interviewee, the artist. So, that's exactly what we're going to concern ourselves with.

So, Slash [guitarist], I saw your girlfriend Lois [Ayers] in that porn flick *The Devil in Miss Jones III*. Man, some of those things she does are truly amazing. Let me shake your hand; you certainly are a very lucky young man. (See Lois posing for the *Propaganda* cameras in issue #8. Va Va Va Voom.) With something like that waiting for you back in L.A., why did you have to go after Zodiac Mindwarp guitarist Cobalt Stargazer's girlfriend when you were at the Limelight over in London? "That whole thing has been blown way out of proportion," insists Slash. "I was just talking to her, and Cobalt grabbed me from behind. He was just

joking. The whole thing was one big joke."

The whole Guns N' Roses tour over there seemed to be one big party. They opened for the Cult a few times, got stoned with Metal guru Lemmy of Motorhead, got chunked out of a few bars,...ummm,...that's right — I promised I was going to focus more on their music, their art. And believe it or not, that's actually what this band really wants to talk about. Yes, Guns N' Roses, the band whose first E.P. was called *Live Like a Suicide*. The band whose first L.P., *Appetite for Destruction* on Geffen, has for its cover a large reproduction of lead singer W. Axl Rose's cross and skulls tatoo. That's right, this is the band that's very concerned about the mechanics and the execution of their art form.

"We don't have rigidly set roles in the band," explains bassist Duff McKagan. "Sometimes I'm more like the rhythm guitarist, and Izzy [rhythm guitarist] would be playing the downbeat off that." That's interesting, because on the album, it lists Slash as lead and rhythm guitar, and Izzy as rhythm and lead guitar. And in concert, it sometimes seems as though Slash



Photo: Greg Freeman

Steven Adler, Izzy Stradlin, Duff "Rose" McKagan, W. Axl Rose, and Slash.

and Izzy are switching lead and rhythm roles. I've never seen that before.

"That's because we're not like other bands with two guitars," explains Slash, "where you have one guy always playing lead and the other always playing rhythm. We're more improvised. Sometimes I'll follow Duff's pattern and sometimes I'll follow Izzy's. For all of us, it depends on the moment — how we feel." It's very unusual indeed, and it works. "It's the blues," interjects Axl. "That's the way rhythm and blues works — how you *feel*. It's spontaneous."

Wow, the concern for the feel, the intricacies and the form of the music is genuine, and it shows in both their recordings and live sets. Who would have thought this to be so, coming from a band that has it stipulated in their contract that Geffen keep them constantly supplied with Stoly's, Jack Daniels, cases of Bud, cartons of cigarettes, and, oh yes, a whole shit load of condoms.

"That's part of the blues too," says Axl. "You can't really sing about something you've never experienced — at least I won't." You mean, all this partying and stuff is just part of the song writing process? "It is to a point," says Duff. "But we never let it get to where it'll get in the way of the music."

So, you see, despite everything we've heard about this band and its reputation, it is still the music that is paramount. Now didn't I say that from the beginning?

Look for Guns N' Roses' new video, *Welcome to the Jungle*, and their upcoming E.P. with live tracks from their gig at the Marquee in London. The boys describe it as "wall-to-wall noise." Now ain't that the blues.

The remarks concerning female employees of Propaganda have been stricken from the text to comply with FCC regulations.



Choir boy turned bad boy.

GUNS N' ROSES N' GROUPIES



Blonde porn star Lois Ayers, playmate to Slash, and others.



Guy, the Marlboro "man."

Photos by Fred Berger

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NOIR LEATHER is not just another trendy boutique; it is the heart of darkness. Known for its fascinating variety of savage clothing and accessories, NOIR services underground bands nationwide. The photos on these pages were taken during the annual fashion show at the fabulous Fox Theater in downtown Detroit. The models and their outfits are exclusively from NOIR LEATHER. Ask for it by name at your local gear shop. And when in Detroit, drop in at the retail shop; it will leave you breathless.



Models: Don and Sioux/Photo: Dave Krieger

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Models: Juli and Andrea/Photo: Kevin Quinn

THE LORDS OF THE NEW CHURCH

It was late in the evening when K. arrived. The village was deep in snow. The Castle hill was hidden, veiled in mist and darkness, nor was there even a glimmer of light to show that a castle was there. On the wooden bridge leading from the main road to the village, K. stood for a long time gazing into the illusory emptiness above him.

—Franz Kafka's "The Castle"

Kafka's first encounter with the enigma that was the Castle is shrouded in mystery. So too is Stephanie Young's first encounter with the New Church. Here is a short story by Paul Hart based on Stephanie's real-life meeting with The Lords of the New Church.

There it was — the New Church. Its towering spires scraped the sky. Its massive archways graced the earth. Stephanie hesitated for a moment, held aback by the imposing edifice. Upon regaining her composure, she continued on her way, though now with great caution. As she approached the Gothic gates leading to the entrance of the Church, she noticed a sign posted on the black iron railings. It read:

Attention! The Lords of the New Church now require the full participation of their congregation. Upon your entry to the church, you will be handed two sacred documents. The first is a five-thousand share stock certificate. You will be expected to pay the full current market value of this certificate. It entitles you to numerous benefits, including the privilege of providing moral and financial support to the band members. This plan is wholeheartedly endorsed by Lord Stiv Bator, lead singer and doctrinaire: "Hey man, why should we have to worry about where we're sleeping or where our next meal is coming from when we can have others pay for the privilege of taking care of those things for us?"

The other document you will be handed is a fill-in-the-



blanks Bio on the band. You will be expected to fill out this survey to the best of your ability. The forty-six multiple choice fill-ins concern facts about the band — their neurotic quirks, their devious pasts, and their unique brand of rock n' roll. This plan, too, is endorsed by Lord Bator: "Wow man, it's like groovy."

When you have completed the form, you are to follow the curator to the Church's main altar. It is there that you will be received by The Lords of the New Church.

"What?" thought Stephanie in disbelief. "All I want is a lousy interview." Undaunted, she marched up to the entrance and knocked sharply on the large oaken door. There was no answer. She knocked again and put her ear to the door so that she could listen to what was going on inside. All she could hear was the faint sound of footsteps coming closer and closer. It sounded as though someone was walking very slowly, dragging their feet, almost in a limping manner. When she heard the locks on the door being unlatched, she moved back down the steps not knowing what to expect. The large doors parted slowly and revealed a funny looking old man. Without saying anything, he motioned for her to come inside. Stephanie assumed he was the curator the sign had referred to.

The interior of the church was as huge and magnificent as the exterior had suggested it would be. Stephanie was dazzled by the sheer size, ornamentation and intricate masonry. [Okay — so she was really in some small, dumpy sound studio on West 54th Street in Manhattan. Keep your mouth shut. Don't spoil the fantasy for the rest of us.]

Only after Stephanie had been fully indoctrinated — and ripped off for the price of one certificate — was she permitted to meet the Lords.

The hunched-over old man led her down a long, dark and narrow corridor until they came to a huge voluminous hall. She turned her eyes skyward to marvel at the hauntingly beautiful medieval stained glass windows.

"Did you buy one of our stock certificates?" asked a loud, echoing voice. Startled, Steph flashed a glance downward towards the altar in the middle of the chamber. "Well? Did you?" There were the Lords, sitting on a row of large golden thrones. And there was Lord Stiv Bator, Lord of the Lords,



Lords Brian and Stiv, founders of the New Church.

waiting for his answer. "Oh, you did. I see you have one there," said Brian James, the band's guitarist. "That means we get to stay at your place, and you get to feed us." Stephanie turned to the aged curator and whispered, "Quick, wanna buy a stock certificate cheap?" The old man just shook his head and turned to leave.

Ever observant, Stiv also noticed that Steph was holding the Lords' Bio page. "Did you fill in the blanks on our Bio?" he asked. "I just..." she muttered, trying to tell them she had only just received the document moments ago. "You can make up your own bio for us," suggested drummer Nick Turner. "You can either turn us into grotesque creatures or sex gods, or whatever." Brian quickly interceded. "Pick sex gods. We wanna be sex gods."

"So this is audience participation," Stephanie thought to herself. "How 'bout if I just make you a rock n' roll band?" she offered confidently, her fears ebbing with each passing moment. "That's what we are," answered Stiv. "Although the record company keeps trying to change us into something else." [What — sex gods?] "Is that how you want to be remembered — as a rock n' roll band?" asked Stephanie. "Well, yes, but I think we also want to be remembered as the Lords," answered Nick. "I want us to be remembered as one of the best bands of all time." Stephanie looked down at the Bio page and noticed that that wasn't one of the choices. "But they do have the talent and the background to be remembered as such," she thought.

[And what a background they have. Brian James was the co-founder (with Dave Vanian) of the legendary The Damned, and Stiv Bator was the founder of the Dead Boys. These guys deserve to be the Lords of something.]

"I saw the Dead Boys reunion concert a couple of Halloweens ago (1986)," said Stephanie. This brought a melancholy smile to Stiv's face. "It was like going to dinner with an old girlfriend," he said thoughtfully. "We're all still friends, and we see each other now and then."

[The varied backgrounds of the band members blend nicely, producing their unique instrumentals and toe-tapping choruses. Nowhere is this typical Lords sound more evident than on their new Psycho Sex E.P., which the band then played for Stephanie. A couple of the songs, "Things Go Bump" and "Bang Bang Baby Maybe," are faintly reminiscent of early Alice Cooper or Aerosmith, especially the vocals.]

Stephanie thought it was a nice gesture on their part to give her a sneak preview of the forthcoming E.P. "I'll definitely not fill in the 'grotesque creatures' choice on the Bio page now," she thought decisively.

"Don't let them fool you," said a hoarse, whispering voice coming from behind Steph. "These Lords have nothing to do with a church of the Heaven above." It was the old man. He had snuck back into the chamber while the E.P. was playing. Stephanie thought for a second and remembered that the

Lords do, indeed, think of themselves as "bad boys" on the rock scene. In fact, they even put their own warning labels on their own records. "It's to mock the religious zealots, the moral majority," shouted Nick in response to Steph's thoughts. She looked up in a state of near shock. She had forgotten that the Lords are omniscient — as is the case with most deity types. "Do you also celebrate Candle Mass Eve, when the witches and demons mock the Eucharist and the rituals of the church?" she retorted. "Silence, man," shouted Stiv in a clap of thunderous rage. "Is that why you didn't participate in Live Aid or any of the other benefit concerts," she continued defiantly. Brian broke into a raucous, sinister laughter. And then, just as suddenly, he stopped. "We'd blacken the image of those events — tarnish their noble cause," he said softly. "Everyone else would be so serious, and we'd be trashing the stage. That goody-goody stuff takes the piss out of rock!"

With those cryptic words still reverberating off the marble walls of the great cathedral, Stephanie realized she had just uncovered the unholy sacraments of the New Church, and that it was time to get the hell out of there. She darted for the winding corridor that had originally brought her to the great hall. In the dark passageway, she saw the old man cowering in a corner. "This way, my child," he said, and led her through the labyrinth until they came to the large front doors of the recording studio. [Ooops...uh...I mean the great, magnificent, medieval cathedral of course.]

On her way back to the huge, monolithic, Romanesque Ministry of Propaganda, Stephanie came to the realization that if you don't let the Lords' initial imposing demeanor intimidate you, you'll find that they're not that bad after all. They're as marvelously irreverent and kick-ass as their music, which, by the way, is rock with the piss left in it.



Kafka's Castle stands above the world like a last bastille of the Mystery of Existence. It's blind approaches baffle us. Steep paths plunge from nowhere. Roads radiate into thin air. We ogle the unobtainable Imagined mystery.

— "A Coney Island of the Mind" by Lawrence Ferlinghetti

MOTORHEAD



Interview by Sherri Durrell

When Sherri Durrell caught up with Lemmy and Wurzel of Motorhead in San Francisco, it was full SPEED ahead with a fascinating interview.

Wurzel: We're not going to compromise on our music. We're not going to write a commercial song just to gain a larger audience and get daytime radio play.

Sherri: Haven't you just completed a movie that includes some of your music?

Wurzel: Yeah. We just did a film called *Eat the Rich*. It's based on a comic strip, where Lemmy plays an ex-roadie Spider. It's got four tracks from *Orgasmatron* and stuff from my single on it.

Oh yeah, you have a single of your own out now.

It's out in the U.K. and should be out in the States soon.

You guys have really influenced a lot of larger coliseum rock bands, yet you yourselves are only playing in smaller places here.

That's right. We've been around so long and have been consistent for so long, a lot of bands follow us. But, for ourselves — it's difficult in America. It's really a huge place, and we're not big enough here to go headlining really big venues.

Yet in London, you headline at the Odeon.

Well, it's different over there and in Europe; we headline all over. We're concentrating on America now though. It's great over here. We like playing here the best.

Why's that? How is it different?

The attitude 'n' stuff is better. You know, the women are better, the burgers are bigger. There's no place like it. But it's so big, you need a nine month tour to get anywhere. We can only come over for a month at a time. What we really need is to support some bigger band, like AC/DC. Ozzy's been promising us for ages.

The new album sounds more produced, less raw.

Yeah, now you can hear the words.

Tell how you first got into Motorhead. It's an interesting story.

Oh yeah, I was auditioning for a few bands while I was in this three piece band called Bastard. I was looking through a Melody Maker to read the ads for auditions when I saw an interview with Lemmy. It said he was looking for a guitarist to replace Robbo, and that he thought they'd end up with someone completely unknown. I thought, 'Hey, I'm the most unknown around.' So I sent them a note saying I was the most unknown guitarist around. I didn't even expect a reply, but I got a call for an audition.

So how does it feel to be the first band to truly bridge the gap between punk and heavy metal? You see skinheads wearing Motorhead T-shirts.

It's terrible. No it's wonderful. We've waited so long to do it.

So, what do you think of The Damned? Because at Motorhead's 10th anniversary show, you had them up there.

Oh, I love The Damned. The Damned and The Cult.

The Cult are touring here soon. The bass player, Kid Chaos, from Zodiac is playing with them now; and the Cult's bassist, Jamie, moved to rhythm guitar. You also had former members of Motorhead at that anniversary show. Just how many of them are there?

Well, there's Lucas [Fox], who you know, Larry [Wallis], Eddie Clarke, and then there's Robbo [Brian Robertson] and Phil. There's a 10th anniversary video out. It's coming to the States soon.

So, tell the readers what Motorhead means.

Speedfreak.

Does speed influence your stage performance? [Christine Dougan, Sherri's old roommate and friend of Wurzel's, told her to ask



Sherri Durrell

Wurzel hangs for a little chat.



Sherri Durrell

"Go ahead headbanger, make my day." —Lemmy.

him that.]

Did Christine tell you to say that? No, I don't take it. I don't like it 'cause it just keeps me up. I'd rather smoke dope or drink.

You'd like Mexico then, if you're into that. The tequila's cheap. Have you ever been to Mexico or anywhere way down south?

Well, we were supposed to go to Brazil. We went to Australia and New Zealand though.

Australia's really nice.

It's gorgeous. And oh yes, we played behind the Iron Curtain — in Hungary. They're so starved for rock music there. We drew over 27,000; they came from Czechoslovakia, Poland,....

Have you ever played in the Orient?

No, but I'd love to go to Japan. That would be interesting. Also, I like Oriental girls.

Well, we were going to get some Japanese food. So, what kind of music do you listen to besides The Damned and The Cult? Any metal stuff?

No, I don't listen to any of that. We play it all the time anyway. I'm not going to play metal for a couple of hours and then go backstage and start listening to Slayer. Anyway, I like Beethoven.

What about '60s psych? What about the Yardbirds?

No way — it's too old. I listened to all that stuff in the '60s. I'm not going to go through all that again in the '80s. Lemmy's still into some of it though.

What kind of stuff should I ask Lemmy? What does he like to talk about?

Well, if you want to hear him talk all fucking night, just bring up German World War II paraphernalia.

[Hey, Lemmy — Next time let's talk *Leibstandarte und Totenkopf*.]

Lemmy: When you live in the big city, you can get away with looking like anything. You can dress anyway you want. But that's not real life — it's fantasy. It's when you're in the sticks that you find out what real life's all about. We're just show biz. Real life is when you work in some terrible dead end job your whole life and you marry some pig you don't love, who watches T.V. all day and eats chocolates. That's real life. Your kind of life, with its excitement and glamour, pisses them off.

Sherri: I used to see you at the Embassy Club in London playing the one-armed bandit machine, getting all your money from it.

You mean putting it all in. The Embassy closed about two years ago.

Oh fuck, did it really?

Fucking London. It's boring when you live there. But isn't that true of anyplace that you've lived in for a long time?

I also saw you at the Hawkwind show at the Crystal Palace Festival over there. [Lemmy was a member of Hawkwind before forming Motorhead.]

Oh yeah, that was the one with the moat in front of the stage, outdoors.

Nothing was like the tenth anniversary show though. A friend of mine, Lucas Fox [who once played drums for Motorhead], was there, obviously. Anyway, what kind of music do you listen to?

I don't listen to music. I watch T.V. and read books.

What about the Yardbirds? I heard you liked them.

Yeah, I do. Hey, they're better than most of the groups around today. They were doing stuff no one had done before. Now, all the bands are just rehashing the same stuff over and over again. Of course there have been exceptions like MC5,...

What about Blondie? Did you like them?

Yes, I did. I met Debbie Harry a couple of times; she's a great chick.

I've heard that you don't think your music is taken as seriously as it should be.

I don't think it's taken seriously at all. All they write about is the denim, the leather and the bullet belts. But those garbage, college-debating political bands get quoted at length on their lyrics. I don't believe in politics in music. If I wanted politics, I'd read Time magazine, and if I wanted religion, I'd watch Jimmy Swaggart with his 'and I went down to the river — GLORY — and I said to the Lord — PRAISE BE.' I can't believe there's anyone who takes that stuff seriously for a second. People just have too much time on their hands. There's not enough farming, not enough fucking back-breaking work.

Didn't you work on a farm before Hawkwind?

Yeah, I was going to breed horses, but then I heard Little Richard, and that was the end of that.

I guess we can assume he made quite an impact on you. What do you think about having made such an impact, yourself, on so many



Sherri Durrell

"Rock 'n' Roll" — loud 'n' clear.

other bands?

They could do worse. They could be listening to Jimmy Swaggart. People say we paved the way for metal, but we don't play metal, we play Motorhead.

So many other types of bands, though, say you've influenced them — like The Sisters of Mercy, Zodiac Mindwarp,...

Oh, good ol' Zodi. He's fucking great. He's supported us.

We just did an interview with him in the last issue.

Oh, he gives great quotes. Ha Ha! He was on stage one night before we came on, and this kid was heckling him, going 'Motorhead! Motorhead!' He just turned towards the kid and said, [In a Zodiac voice] 'Go ahead headbanger, make my day! Ha Ha! Fucking great.'

How does it feel to have Phil [Philthy "Animal" Taylor], an old member of the band, come back again?

Phil's having a bit of trouble getting back into shape for this type of music and for a tour like this. He's not used to it. This type of music takes stamina; it's not easy to play.

Your music seems to attract quite a diverse crowd.

That's great; that's the way it should be. People shouldn't be afraid to go to a concert just because it's 'someone else's' music, or because they're scared they won't look like the others.

What kind of a crowd do you think you attract?

Mostly boys from about 14 to 21 who think about starting a band like ours. And if you see any older guys in the audience, it's because they were the 14 to 21-year-olds who first saw us way back in the beginning.

Has it become more than just a band now? Is it a life style?

It's everything. This is it. I couldn't imagine myself doing anything else. If I stop doing it, I'll just stop. I'll do guest appearances on the Joan Rivers show.

Oh no, please. David Letterman, maybe. So, what do you think about playing in the States?

It's different, that's for sure. It's something that seems like only a dream to you when you're over in Europe, 'cause you've seen so much of it on T.V. and in the movies. You know, like Hollywood 'n' stuff.

What do you think of New York?

New York? It's kind of like London, only with different street signs. It's more like Europe than this place is. The weather here in California blows your mind if you're from Europe. The palm trees make it seem like some kind of paradise.

Do you think you'll ever go in a new direction musically?

Even if we did change, people would just dismiss it. If we stayed the same, people would say 'what about a change.'

It's a catch-22.

Right, you can't fucking win. Like when *Another Perfect Day* came out, people said we sold out. I said, 'What? What the fuck are you talking about?' It's a great album. Sold out? That was the worst selling album we ever had. How can you sell out when you don't sell anything? People don't let you change, and if you don't change, they won't let you stay the same. ■

A Reflection on a River

Paul Hart interviews Neal Jimenez,
writer of the film "River's Edge."

Strung out on speed, a long-haired teen cruises the pre-dawn darkness of a small California town.

Will he care if a friend dies today?

Two girls share a joint in front of their school before class.

Will they care if a friend dies today?

A boy in ripped jeans steals the pot from his mother's purse.

Do you really think he'll give a shit if a friend dies today?

Well, he won't. None of them will — because none of them can.

"It's a condition of becoming desensitized to the violence and amorality that surrounds us. It's everywhere — on TV, in the movies, in the news, in the music, and in our lives," says a young UCLA film school graduate, who, being from a background of less than modest means himself, was able to capture this fatalistic human condition on film in *River's Edge*.

Neal Jimenez based his screenplay for the film on an actual incident that occurred several years ago in a small northern California town, Milpitas, just south of San Francisco. It was there that a teenage boy murdered his girlfriend for no apparent reason.

Taken by itself, this murder would seem to be of



Nelson Entertainment

little interest to a writer looking for a statement on the human condition and its mores. The aspect of this story that spurred a young creative mind to write was the unusual reaction of the murdered girl's friends. Their reaction was unusual because there was none. They all knew about the murder. They even knew who committed it — one of their friends. Yet no one reported it, and no one even remorse'd it. The question this film really struggles with is: Were they even capable of remorse?

"Mostly, I was interested in the morality that surrounded the event. That's all I needed. I really didn't do any research into the actual news story. My background provided me with plenty of material on which to base the characters and the plot," says Neal, whose own upbringing mirrors that of the characters in *River's Edge*. Their nihilistic existence is punctuated only by their drug highs, Death Metal music, and total lack of parental guidance.



The gang's all here... almost.



To Scott and Debbie: A belated dedication.

Having written *River's Edge* at only 20 years old for a screenwriting class, Neal was still very close to the subject matter, and this displays itself quite clearly in the film. The realism is striking. Everything is so real: the dialogue, the action, the characters, the setting. You're suddenly back in high school, hanging out. You're living the story, not just watching it.

"Will I care if a friend dies today?" you ask yourself.

[Then I realized — that for me — back in high school (ironically), that answer would have been *no*. I didn't really care. I didn't truly feel the deaths of two friends — Scott (by overdose) and Debbie (by gunshot). It was as if they were just statistics, just a couple of more news items in a long string of news items that we've all long since become numb to.]

In *River's Edge*, one of the dead girl's girlfriends laments: "I couldn't even cry for her. I mean, I cried when that guy in *Brian's Song* died. You think I'd at least be able to cry for Jamie, someone I hung out with."

If you're not prepared to ask yourself such poignant questions, and if all you want to see is some mindless "teen romp" film, then *River's Edge* is probably not what you're looking for.

River's Edge is now available on videocassette and laser videodisc from Embassy Home Entertainment.



Hyperkinetic Layne (Crispin Glover), the gang's leader, cops dope from recluse paranoid, ex-biker Feck (Dennis Hopper). "Both characters add balance and contrast to the film," says Neal. "Crispin's hyperactive performance provides a direct contrast to the realism of the others, and drives the film. Feck's role, as someone whose past reflects the kids' present, gives the plot balance. Dennis Hopper did a great job."

It is ironic that many critics have called *River's Edge*, "the *Rebel Without a Cause* of the '80's." Dennis Hopper, who was in both films, compared Crispin Glover's acting technique to that of his good friend and co-star of *Rebel....*, James Dean.

THE SAINTS

Interview by Stephanie Young



So much has been said about this legendary Australian band that *Propaganda* figured the words from Chris Baily's mouth would be enough. Here's what the Saint is thinking these days....

A Pioneer of Punk Rock

It had nothing to do with me. I thought I had a rock 'n' roll band. It's funny because I couldn't relate to punk rock ten years ago, and I still can't relate to it today. I've always felt a lot closer to Chuck Berry than to the Sex Pistols.

The First Saints Album

That album was made in about 2 days. Basically, we just played our live set. It was recorded in this 16-track



demo studio that used to make television jingles. It wasn't exactly a rock and roll studio.

The Recording Studio

Apart from humans, the recording studio is the best thing they have on this planet. I'm happy as a pig in shit when I'm in the recording studio. It's a form of therapy for me to have a creative outlet which keeps me sane in this very confusing world.

The British Music Scene

I think it's obsolete at the moment. It seems to me that the trend in that country is towards a rejection of individual personalities. You have Pop personalities, but there are no real Musical personalities.

Musical Integrity

It's probably the only thing in this stupid business that I take terribly serious. Not that I remember why or how I got into the business. I feel that if I can remain true to myself and true to what other people require or expect from me, then I think I'll do okay.

Video

I think of videos as nothing more than complex commercials. Obviously there is pressure on me to do them, and I try to make them as painless as possible. I feel a person's imagination is much bigger than any video could ever be.

Songs

I usually write dirgy ballads, probably because I'm Irish. I would not be so pretentious as to say my music is pure. But I am egotistical enough to say that it's good. I feel I've had enough feedback to prove to me that what I'm doing is worthwhile.

The Future

Needless to say, life is bigger than a rock band. And ultimately, I will not be jumping around on stage for a living. I hope I have the creative ability to move on into another area. Perhaps I'll become a syndicated talk show host. "Good evening..."

T.V. Dinner with Redd Kross

Article by Paul Hart / Interview by Albert O.



Emerging from the seedy mythology of Hollywood's back streets and alleys, like a phoenix rising from the burning ruins of a modern Sodom, come Redd Kross, the Ramones west, the satirists of song. Their vision of the world is from an entirely Tinsel Town perspective. Their songs take us on a tour of the places groovy West Coast teenagers cruise in their mothers' Buicks. "Go to the Troubadour and pretend we're seeing stars," and "Laugh at all the assholes at the Rainbow bar." This band marks time not in years or by important world events, but in period TV shows and movie fads.

"We're nostalgic for the old days," says Jeffery McDonald, lead singer and rhythm guitarist. "Bring *CHIPS* back. We want Erik Estrada back." You'll be interested to know that Redd Kross is starting a *Partridge Family* fan club. "Yeah, we're tracking down



Sherri Durrell

Jeffery McDonald — Hollywood Neurotic.

all the old members of the *Partridge Family*," announced Steven McDonald, bass and backing vocals. "Well, Susan Dey's untouchable right now, but we found Danny [Bonaducci] working as an assistant manager at a Black Angus restaurant in La Habra, CA."

Redd Kross, itself, is becoming sort of a *Partridge Family*, with three McDonald boys in the band. They can be described as the MC5 sticking it out and starring as one of those "psychedelic" '70s TV-show bands — or as the Stooges having been influenced by a Black Sabbath record played at 78 rpm.

"The late '80s are just an extension of the late '60s, man," says an analytical Rob Hecker, lead guitar. The new album, *Neurotica* (Big Time/RCA), takes late '60s psychedelia and gives it a punk-metal edge. "In the beginning [late '70's], we played with all those L.A. punk bands, like Black Flag, X, Fear, the Circle Jerks, ... and some of their filth rubbed off on us," says Jeff. But that was the late '70s sound. What were the late '70s an extension of? "the mid-'70s," shout the boys. "This is the '80s," Steve reminds us. "William Shatner as *T. J. Hooker* is what we want. Forget *Star Trek* already!" I guess that's the way time passes in LA LA land.

—Thanks for that great line, Kari. Thanks for everything.



Sherri Durrell

The McDonald boys bang heads.

this is SOCIETY

Article & Interview by Laurie Russo

It's time to move, it's time to groove, it's time to join the Society Love Posse. Tune in to the Society sex frequency...

Are they kidding??? No, they're not. This is pretty serious stuff. And Society make some pretty serious dance music that they DEFY you to stand still to. (I've tried, kids. It's just not possible.) The song titles speak volumes — "Soul Brother," "Energy," "Electric City" — the message is quite clear: "GET UP AND DANCE!!!"

Round about April 1986, singer Steve Rawlings ("Stevie" to the girlies, and leader of the dear departed Danse Society) and "Space Bass Ace" Stuart Kennedy got fed up with doing nothing in particular. They met up a few weeks later with drummer Mallett and started throwing ideas around which began to resemble songs. After months of auditions, they finally found lightning-fingered guitarist Emile Lobo, and Society was born. April 1987 found them playing their first ever gig, and it's been uphill ever since.

In a dark rehearsal studio in an extremely suspect area of London, Society are taking a break in the middle of a long day of practice. In between bites of sandwiches and sips of coffee — yes, coffee — they're only too willing to discuss the happy family that is Society, especially the debut single "Saturn Girl" which, by the time you read this, should be on every turntable in the land. The flip side, "double A-side, not B-side" as I'm continually reminded, is a new song entitled "Real Love." So new, in fact, that it's unfamiliar even to seasoned Society "veterans" like myself. "We've been around a long time, but no one's heard us!" laughs Stuart. "Well, now we've got a record out. IS EVERYONE LISTENING???"

Roger, Captain Kennedy, we read you loud and clear. Everyone is listening to Society now, and everyone's talking about them too, mainly because they're so refreshingly different. It's impossible to put a label on this band, as evidenced by the fact that they've shared the bill with such diverse acts as All About Eve, The Bolshoi and Trouble Funk. And they go down great with any audience they play to. Is this lack of an "identifiable image" deliberate?

"No, we just go out there and be ourselves," offers Mallett. "If people feel the need to identify with a certain image, then that's their problem. We just do what we do, however it comes out." "Yeah, we're still finding our own identity, really," adds Steve. "So we just do whatever we're comfortable with and let it go from there." "We don't tell each other what to wear, like a uniform or anything," says Emile with a smile. "We just do it!"

I like their attitude almost as much as I like their music. For the benefit of those of you who still haven't heard Society, I'll have a go at trying to explain their sound to you. Okay, now try to imagine Power Station, Medium Medium, Kid Creole & The Coconuts, Kool and the Gang, Run DMC, The Beastie Boys... I'm not



Laurie Russo

Steve pumps up the volume at Town + Country.

doing very well, am I? Good, 'cause that's the point; they don't really sound like anybody in particular — especially Danse Society. Does this drastic change mean you were very unhappy with what you were doing, Steve? "Well, not so much unhappy as the feeling of going backwards. We'd done all we could, gone as far as we could go with Danse Society. There was just no point in continuing." But this is such a radical departure, and so different from anything being done now by your contemporaries of the Danse Society days (ie. The Sisters of Mercy, The Cult, etc.). "Good, I'm glad you said that," answers Steve with a sigh of relief. And what kind of response are you getting from ex-DS fans? "Great — they're really into it. No negative feedback."

So what else can be said? They're here and they're hot. They've hit that perfect beat and they say "shame, shame, shame on you if you can't dance too." Funk, groove, energy, let yourself go...this is Society.

Special thanks to Caroline (information) and Lou-natic (inspiration).

ALL ABOUT EVE

WRITTEN BY LAURIE RUSSO



Laurie Russo

Julianne charms the Town + Country Club, London.

"We've earned the flowers in our hair," say All About Eve, and I'm inclined to agree with them. For if anyone has ever earned their flowers, it's this enchanting, entrancing group from London. Hardly fairytale surroundings, but for vocalist/keyboardist Julianne Regan (one-time bassist for Gene Loves Jezebel, believe it or not), guitarist Tim Bricheno and bassist Andy Cousin, life has certainly had its good vibrations lately.

With song titles like "Flowers in Our Hair," "Gypsy Dance," "Lady Moonlight," and "In the Clouds," one could be forgiven for dismissing the Eves as just a bunch of gypsy hippies (gyppies?). But besides being unfair, that would also prove one to be totally ignorant of the band's rather spikey-haired beginnings.

All About Eve's 1985 debut single "D for Desire," released on the band's own Eden label (reputedly run from Julianne's flat), was a gothic delight, showing Julianne to be the world's best Siouxsie Sioux impersonator. The follow-up, "In the Clouds," leaned closer to the Eve's present dreamy sound, with only the B-side tracks betraying the post-punk roots.

In the autumn of 1986, those other famous hippy revivalists, The Mission, heard tapes of All About Eve, and the two groups became firm friends. Julianne was invited to perform on the *God's Own Medicine* Lp (most notably on the single "Severina"), and the Eves were given the support slot on The Mission's winter 1987 tour. In April, the third single, "Our Summer" (produced by Wayne and Simon of the Mission), was released and not only shot to No. 2 in the indie charts, but also hit No. 87 in the national charts, unheard of for a tiny independent one-band record label. Such successes earned them not only the flowers in their hair, but a major recording deal with Phonogram, where they joined The Mission. At present, the single "Flowers in Our Hair" is enjoying its stay in the charts as expected, and the band just

finished playing in front of 25,000 people at the Reading Rock festival.

So that's the history in a nutshell. But what of the band itself? What is it like to see and hear All About Eve?

On stage, from the opening notes of "Every Angel" to the last acoustic offering of "Apple Tree Man," All About Eve are nothing short of breathtaking. The soaring, angelic voice of the fair Julianne is capable in itself of conjuring up images of the flowers, gypsies, butterflies and children she sings of, conveying both joy and sadness with the same perfect clarity. The audience reaches out and offers flowers to this flame-haired Goddess of Love, whose beauty is further enhanced by the fact that she seems to have no idea of how beautiful she is. No "God's gift to man" posturings here — Julianne rarely affects more than lipstick. What she does do is make you *feel*. Where "In the Clouds" and "Every Angel" will uplift you, "What Kind of Fool" and the Robert Graves inspired "Lady Moonlight" will reduce you to tears.

Lending the musical support are Andy and Tim, whose long hair and flowery shirts add almost as much color as their talented fingers. They play with all the confidence of the good musicians they are, perfectly complimenting both each other and Julianne. Their swirling musical backdrop lets up only to allow Julianne to render a faultless solo version of "Apple Tree Man," which shows her not-of-this-earth vocal ability to be even more dazzling when unaccompanied.

Also a talented lyricist, the 21-year-old Julianne offers us much thought-provoking insight. In "Lady Moonlight," she tells us "...my heart disbelieves the myth surrounding Eve; she couldn't know what she was doing." This sort of deeply introspective perception is typical of Julianne, a girl who apparently thinks more often than most of us breathe. She firmly believes in the sanctity of pure love and identifies, in principle, with the flower children of the 60's. Yet in "Flowers in Our Hair," she takes time out to remind us that it takes more than loud shirts and long hair to be a true sunchild. "Do you ever think we'll make it something more than a uniform?" she wonders. She also reflects on how, unlike children, we as adults seem to be afraid of love, wistfully acknowledging that "we only dare to say 'please love me' at the seventh glass of wine." A sharp contrast to the early days when she used to tell us "Love Leads Nowhere" and the bitterness of the "End of the Day" and "D for Desire." All About Eve have certainly grown up, and are cultivating a new breed of music followers, young flower children who agree that all you need is love. The happy, healthy outlook of the band is attracting happy, healthy people.

A British journalist recently commented that his idea of a perfect world is one wherein all the boys want to have Julianne, and all the girls want to be just like her. And while it might be true that you could take your grandmother to see them, All About Eve are nowhere near the innocuous kiddie-pop moppets that their critics narrow-mindedly suggest. Yes, they are very nice people who smile at their audiences, and no, they don't play the trendy noise that seems to go down well with critics these days. They're beautiful people who play beautiful songs. Quite simply put, All About Eve are all about love. ■

flowers in our hair

The Fuzz Cometh

INTERVIEW AND RESEARCH
BY DYANE BONCZUK

WRITTEN BY FRED BERGER

PHOTOS BY LIISA MORTON



Ticklish Tina and the magnificent Magz.

EEEEK!! Here comes Fuzzbox — anti-Christ to The Bangles, every bit as notorious as The Jesus And Mary Chain, and everything Sigue Sigue Sputnik ever wanted to be — young, pretty, and female. In fact, the Fuzz do a version of “Da Do Ron Ron” which pokes fun at Sputnik’s clown prince Martin Degville. It goes like this: “Met him at EMI and my heart stood still/Da Do Ron Ron, Da Do Ron Ron/And someone said his name was Martin Degville/Da Do Ron Ron, Da Do Ron Ron/Oh, and he looked so fine/Oh, and his fishnets are mine/Oh, and when he walked me home/I told him I’d rather go alone.” It’s that kind of tongue-in-cheek satire and man-eating irreverence that keeps them from sounding too much like any number of love-starved girl groups out of the fabulous fifties. Live they’ve also done a few other 50’s rock classics like “Tutti Frutti,” “High Hopes” and “Leader Of The Pack.”

Their look and attitude, and most of their songs have much the same mischievous spontaneity and laughing nihilism that made early punk rock such a pisser. Talk about spontaneous, the group was formed as a joke. It all began in the summer of 1985 in Birmingham, England. Magz (now 23), her sister Jo (19), and their two school chums Vix (19) and Tina (18) were given 24 hours to get equipment, cook up a few tunes, and do a one-time gig to open for a friend’s band at a local club.

With only two hours rehearsal time before the show and hardly a clue as to how to play their borrowed instruments, the girls took the stage with bumbling gusto to the howling amusement of the audience. They played three songs — “Spirit In The Sky,” “Fever” and an improvised original called “Console Me.” Magz recalls. “We were amazingly awful, but we got an encore.”

The girls were so hilarious that they were asked to open a second show, at which time the group’s name was born. “We were on stage,” recounts Vix, “and we were playing so badly we needed something to cover our mistakes. Everyone was booing and laughing at us

when I blurted out, ‘We’ve got a fuzzbox, and we’re going to use it!’ ” From that fateful night on, the Birmingham Four became known as We’ve Got a Fuzzbox And We’re Going To Use It. In time this unweildy nomenclature was shortened to simply Fuzzbox.

Forget musical skill; it was raw energy, naive confidence, day-glo gothic hairdos, war paint, and miniskirts that sold Fuzzbox. By the spring of 1986 they had their first single, the hit “XX Sex,” and were opening for Sigue Sigue Sputnik.

Yeah, and what about those miniskirts? Needless to say, radical feminists from all over the British Isles have chastised Fuzzbox for appealing to the “perverse fantasies of middle-aged businessmen.” Despite the withering criticism, Fuzzbox remains ever defiant, fiercely proclaiming the right to show their legs and to be as feminine as it suits them. For Magz, Tina, Jo, and Vix, the tribal androgyny of the feminist sisterhood is as appealing as a cold shower. When the subject of womens’ liberation comes up, the famous and endearing Fuzzbox sense of humor instantly evaporates into thin air. With grim seriousness Magz, porcelain white and beautifully gothic, sneers, “Drop Dead! We think that sort of thought is out-dated. The best thing to do is to be confident in yourself and know that you’re not less of a person just because you want to look glamorous. Women putting down other women



From women’s lib to Tina in bondage, Magz tells all.

because of the way they want to look is not right. We don't look the way we do to make men look and think, 'fancy her.' It's not a sexual thing; it's purely to make you feel better. In school I didn't wear any make-up and I had flat hair and felt horrible. But at the weekend I'd put my make-up on, stick my hair up, and Mum would go mad. I'd say 'I haven't any confidence when my hair is flat.' "

Being a gorgeous punkette does have its disadvantages — most notably the creeping hair loss that comes after years of bleaching, dyeing, teasing, and crimping. The choice would seem to be either to leave the hair alone (very boring) or to go bald. Not so! The ever resourceful Fuzzbox have taken a recent fancy to hats. Jo wears a rather jaunty black wool cap with short leather visor (circa Beatles 1965), while Magz sports a big, black sun-stopper which frames her magnificent, flaxen-haired white goddess head like some unholy halo.

Don't let such flare fool you; Fuzzbox are anything but premeditative or pretentious. It's all pure, impulsive instinct, and it works. They may have a hard time playing their instruments in some kind of time and tune, and whenever they do a Led Zeppelin cover they sing the Jimmy Page guitar solos. However, it is this apparent weakness which is their real strength. Their amateurish, giggling, intoxicated style is what punk was all about. Fuzzbox never claimed to be musicians, they just want to get up there and play. And thanks to some seriousminded producers and engineers, their studio sound is less chaotic, less of a rambling wreck, but no less refreshing and fun.

The album *We've Got A Fuzzbox And We're Going To Use It* features the full line of Fuzzbox hits, including "XX Sex," "Love Is The Slug," "What's The Point" and "Rules And Regulations." "Rules" and "The Slug" are both on video. Magz is especially proud of the former, "It was such awful crap. It was made for \$170., so you can see no expense was spared. It's fast moving, crappy quality and funny. It got in the top-10 videos of The Chart Show (a British rock video program) just because it captured a certain energy which a lot of other videos haven't done. It will always be my favorite."

So Fuzzbox just go to show that awful can be great. But because they're girls, they've taken a considerable lashing from the elitist ideologues of the British music press, who have called them all sorts of bad names like "tarts," "stupid school girls," "a joke." Yeah, but it's O.K. for The Mission's Wayne Hussy to dress like a Gypsy cowboy, take lots of drugs, and sleep around town until he forgets where he's been. They call him "The Wild Man Of Rock." The Fuzz don't do drugs and don't do that much sex either, which makes their parents very happy. So they must resort to juvenile games like tying up Tina and tickling her, because she's the most ticklish and puts up a furious struggle whenever they try it..

And what are the ambitions of Fuzzbox eldest sister, the indomitable Magz? "To have our own T.V. show. That would be the pinnacle of our career, really hideously nauseating." Is there anything else? "Yes. And to tie up Tina, put her on an elevator, and send it up and down to see if anyone unties her." Trussed Tina a la Fuzzbox anyone? ■

STARDUST MEMORIES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

love-slave Jonny Slut took to the stage (and streets) in the kinkiest of sex fantasy outfits. Ollie was basically a clone of *Rocky Horror's* transvestite mad scientist Dr. Frankenfurter, screeching and prancing about in high heels and lingerie. However, teen vampire Jonny was the true prima donna here, his youthful beauty subverted by outrageous abstract make-up designs and towering black Mohawk. It's no wonder Dr. Wisdom couldn't keep his paws off him. Jonny pretended to play keyboards, but was really just for show. Oh, but what a show! The diversity and perversity of his alien fashion creations ranged from black leather lizard's tail to cellophane dragonfly wings to rubber life-support tubes wrapped around his girlish figure.

The incredible edible Slut was the most fantastic and disturbing of all the gorgeous gender benders ever to arise out of the interstellar sea of Ziggy Stardust-induced androgyny. The bottom line is that he was the best thing Specimen had to offer besides their one-and-only hit "Kiss Kiss Kill Kill." Discovered by Ollie at the London Batcave in 1982 he helped propel the group to ephemeral stardom, only to get bored and leave three years later. With this perfect Specimen, this Ganymede of Goth flown away, Specimen withered and died in the closing desolation of has-beendom. The high-water mark of the transsexual tide had been reached. From there it receded into a stagnant puddle of painted glam uniformity modeled after the fabulous, and likewise short-lived, Hanoi Rocks.

As of July 1986 Ollie Wisdom reported to Propaganda that Jonny Melton (formerly "the Slut") was in London on the dole and modeling for the post-punk designers on Kings Rd. Since the Fall of the House of Specimen, there has been no one of any substance to carry the torch of the Ziggy legacy. Boy George comes close; both he and Jonny have done quite a lot of modeling for BOY of London. But Georgie boy is more of a humorous adolescent distraction, lacking the dark and threatening sensuality it takes to make it with a slightly older, more twisted crowd. Other than the fact that they're all British — Bowie, Murphy, and Melton each possessed an uncanny ability to arouse the desires of both the male and female of the species, making bisexuality an issue of their brand of sexual ambiguity. Like hermaphrodite deities of ancient pagan cults, these three were worshiped as symbols of youthful beauty and sexual love.

In light of the plague years, however, freedom of the id is out. So what's in? How about abstinence and chastity belts; it wouldn't be the first time celibacy and androgyny went hand-in-hand. Consider the angels, those gorgeous winged creatures with innocent, young faces and heavenly bodies making beautiful music together. Or on the darker side, the gaunt figure of a gelded medieval choir boy comes to mind. So you had better thank your lucky stars that it's still safe to dress up, dance, and spread vicious gossip. Just keep your hands to yourself Ollie Wisdom. Oh those Stardust memories. ■



The Electric Kool-Aid Purina Test

Article & Interview by Stephanie Young



"Oh, wow man! It's still sealed!" exclaimed Ben Volpeliere-Pierrot in an excited tone. Ben was rejoicing at his good fortune upon finding a still sealed Parliment Greatest Hits album. Blagging, the act of confidently taking something, is a favorite past time among rock stars. "Got my funk, P-funk," hummed Ben, admiring his new album which he just blagged from his record company. "Not a bad choice," I thought as I looked on. Typical, too, when I remembered the type of songs Ben

and the other three members of Curiosity Killed the Cat wrote. Their album *Keep Your Distance* had landed itself straight in at number one on the British charts. Now the Cats were in America, seeing how well their luck was holding up.

The room we were sitting in reminded me of a glass menagerie. Within its clear interior sat myself and two Cats — one named Ben, the other named Julian. Ben had the look of a French sailor. His coin clipped cap



Curiosity Killed the Cat



was the prime target in my assumption. He was tall and spoke softly, like an introspective cowboy telling his stories 'round a hot open campfire. His eyes sparkled when he laughed, revealing a slight space between his front teeth. Julian was the opposite of Ben — outgoing, vivacious, humorous. I came to the conclusion that he was probably the joker of the band, the one who got the most laughs. Physically, he was clean cut and clean shaven.

Musicians are a curious sort — flamboyant, sensitive and charming. I thought about their unique appeal, especially to women. It boggled me. Maybe it was the songs they wrote? Maybe not. For instance, what would be so appealing about a song called "Misfit"?

Ben puts on the charm. " 'Misfit' is about feeling inhibited in some situation or another. It's to encourage people to feel more comfortable about themselves. If someone feels very different to everything around them, then that's not necessarily bad, because I think a lot of people would be interested in that sort of thing." I'll buy that, especially from someone like Ben.

Contrary to popular belief, the Cats are more than just media hype, a subject which can be taken with some offense if not handled very carefully. "I think it's flogging a dead horse trying to defend it," says Ben with some distaste. "People will find out in the end whatever they want to find out." He's right; the public does find out in the end. But, unlike Ben, Julian sees more, if not a solution to the problem. "We do get a bit concerned when people view us as only a media made band. And I do think our press agent has been over doing it a bit with the side of the media that deals with the young kids. I think we'll probably change publicity people in the near future."

The prepubescent adulation has been a big part of the Curiosity's rise to "Pop Star" fame. But they really don't consider themselves a pop band in the conventional sense, as Julian points out. "Getting into the charts. I call ourselves a POP band because we get into the CHARTS!" Okay, I get your point! Ben gives the alternative. "When we first started out, we had a bias attitude about what was in the charts. I know I certainly did. When records I liked got in there, I couldn't listen to them anymore because it's your precious record being displayed and saturated. Now we're in that position, and I sort of understand why people might feel the way we do about us. It sort of makes you think, 'why can't things change?' " Julian agrees, "It's a bit depressing, but I think we're just doing our own thing really. Actually, we haven't had time to do much of our own thing with promotion and stuff."

Work aside, the Cats treasure their moments going to the market or eating pizza with a few Leicester locals. Being famous hasn't really changed them. And happy moments? What have been some of the happier moments for these two felines since they got caught up in this whirlwind?



Stephanie Young

Curiosity killed the Cat Club in N.Y.C.

"Meeting Princess Di!!" laughs Julian. Ben is more sentimental. "I think my happiest moment was when I was catching bits and pieces off different radio stations and recording them, and I hit the pause button on my tape recorder and switched to *Capitol Radio* and it went, 'CAPITOL RADIO — MUSIC POWER! chuka boom — chuka boom,' and our single was number one on the hit line. It had been for awhile, but just because I caught it while listening, it really hit me. I remember looking out my window at the rooftops thinking about how many people were tuned in or had phoned up for it. It was definitely a neat BUZZ?" For those of you who don't know what *Capitol Radio* is, listen up. *Capitol Radio* is the largest music program in England.

Soon it is time to get back to work, and the Cats head towards the studio. It is here, according to Ben, where everything comes together. "We like to spend a lot of time in the studio. Which is good because you can get right into the vibe and not think about anything else." With gusto, Julian adds, "Then you open the door and there's a crowd of about six girls waiting outside, and you think, 'Oh yeah, this again!' or 'Oh no, not this again!'" Seems like this female adulation turns them off. "It turns us off to those girls!" clarifies Ben. I see. So girls, keep your distance — especially when the Cats are recording.

Well, looks like we've just about come to the end of our conversation as P.R. lady Pam tells us the next journalist is waiting. Busy busy — being a star. But before I leave, Ben advises all of you to "Stay Freaky Deaky!" Hey, isn't that a Wayne Hussey term? Ben just gives me a look.

END



THRASHING DOVES

Article & Interview by Stephanie Young

The doorbell rang as I sat in the dimly lit hotel room. It was Brian Foreman, keyboardist and songwriter from England's Thrashing Doves. My wait had not been long or unpleasant, as it was spent meeting percussionist Kevin Sargent. Kevin had the air of a proper English gentlemen, decent and disciplined. His politeness and intelligent conversation was a welcome change from the usual rock slob your trusted music editor has to encounter now and again. Presently, Kevin's fellow Dove, Brian, was nonchalantly thrashing through the door. We exchanged our hellos and the three of us proceeded to chat.



Stephanie Young

Brian Foreman, Ken Foreman, Kevin Sargent, Ian Button

Hidden behind his Foster Grants, Brian answers all the questions, now which is logical, since he writes most of the music (with brother Ken). The songs which he speaks about can be described as optimistic melodies with a message. Brian explains the group's rationale. "We write serious lyrics and set them to uplifting music. The songs are reflections of what we see. They deal with timeless problems in our society, but are meant to give strength to those who have been in similar situations."

Most of the songs off the *Bedrock Vice* Lp, the Doves' debut album, are a collection of tunes which, at first, enhance your imagination. After about the third or forth try, they become increasingly thought provoking. "It's good that people talk about our lyrics because that's a sign that we're taken seriously," comments Brian. "But there should also be some ambiguity left in certain songs because people are entitled to their own opinions and interpretations."

A prime example of this can be heard in "Beautiful Imbalance." Directly, the song aches about being in love with an unattainable girl. It rings of the imbalance in unrequited love. Or is it the imbalance of life? Ambiguity. This person's interpretation. The single became the first U.K. hit for the Doves.

In the midst of their first American tour [at the time of the interview], the Doves are finding a favorable position with their live audiences despite the fact that it is also a challenging one. Explains Brian, "Playing live



Stephanie Young

Ken heads the Doves at the Ritz.

is the only situation where listeners can talk back to you face to face. It's challenging when you don't have a following yet in certain countries, like — in this case — America. I think we're relishing this stage in our career because you have to work on an audience." The band has been receiving rave reviews in every major U.S. city they've played.

And in a segment way down the timeline? "You do hope that your songs will be thought of in a timeless way," says Brian, "but it isn't something you can design; it just happens. I think if music is in its simplest form and can't be associated alongside any fad or trend, then yes, it will last."

At press time, the band is now recording their follow-up to *Bedrock Vice*. According to Brian, it will be an extension of what they did on the first album. In other words, we won't be disappointed.



FOREIGN CONCERTS

THE CULT Review by Viva X. Love, obviously, very soon

The time: summer 1987.

The place: Exhibition Stadium, Toronto.

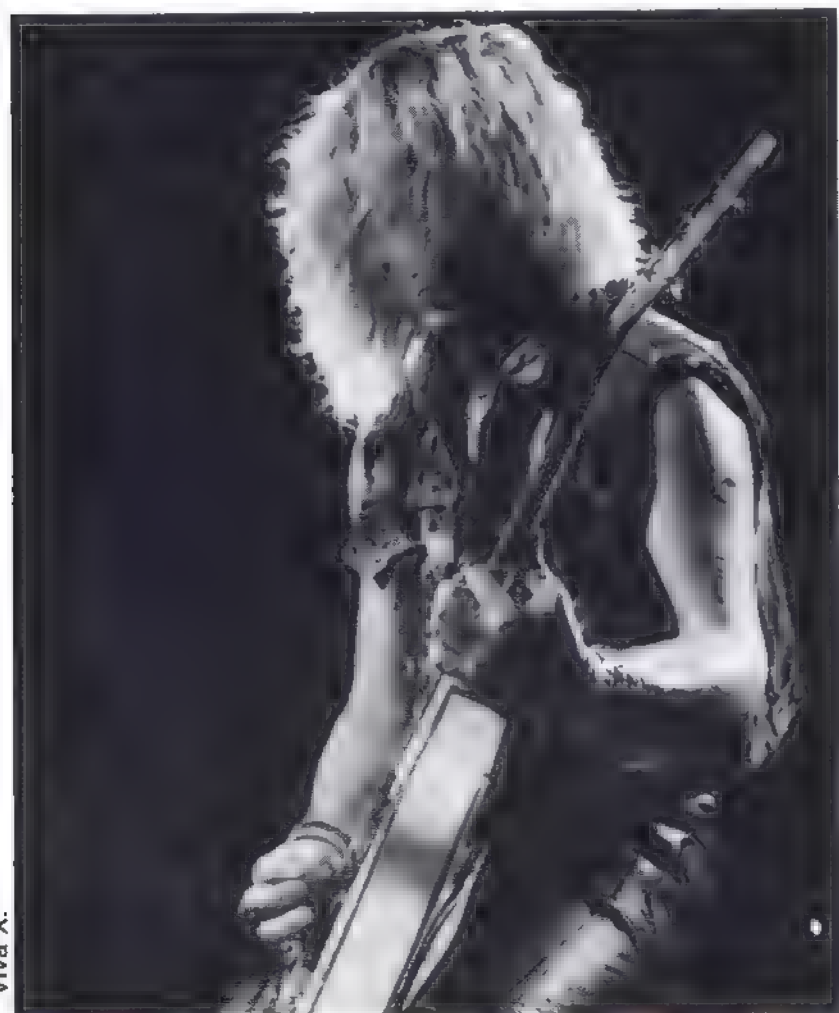
On their second sweep of the continent in less than three month's time, the Cult returned in a headlining tour to quench the thirst of the masses, unleashing the raw power of their latest LP, aptly entitled *Electric*.

Heralded onstage by the painful strains of Wagner's "The Ride of the Valkyries," the band launched into a frenzied rendition of "Bad Fun," giving every note a sound beating. Col. Kilgore would have been proud.

Accompanied by the unrelenting rhythm assault of JAMIE STEWART and Les Warner, the perpetually leather bound Ian Astbury radiated his deadly animal magnetism, which in turn incited mass debauchery in the audience, fueled by the insentience of such tempting bait as the now famous "Love Removal Machine" and "Lil Devil." Lizard in a bottle indeed!

Heeding the pleas of Mr. Astbury for more love to be showered upon them by their adoring flock, the crowd responded in repturous excitement as the much deserved spotlight was focused on guitarist Billy Duffy, who proceeded to ignite a blowtorch of controlled electrical fury, although he was at times quite difficult to find beneath his mane of slightly decadent hair.

Newly recruited bass player Kid Chaos (ex-Zodiac Mindwarp) was temporarily out of order for the evening, his usual thrashing nowhere to be found. One thought he might be in danger of falling over at any second. Fortunately, he managed to maintain a vertical position and the day was saved. His strange malady remains a mystery.



Dufflebag in the lead.

Although the majority of the tunes which comprised the set were extracted from *Electric*, the band did include a few songs from the *Love* LP such as "Revolution," "She Sells Sanctuary," and the fiery "Phoenix."

As the evening neared its conclusion, the band thundered into a powerfully resonant rendition of "Born to be Wild." The hysteria of the crowd would have one assume they were the slavish devotees of...a cult!

Yes, it was a night Toronto will not soon forget. And what is it that makes a concert by the Cult so electric? The pure inspirational passion in which it is performed.

THAT PETROL EMOTION

REVIEW BY LAURIE RUSSO

The tiny Mean Fiddler in London was THE place to be on July 28th when Northern Ireland and Seattle's favorite sons That Petrol Emotion took the stage for an Irish Labour benefit gig. Over 700 people crammed into the Fiddler (which has a legal limit of 350), and for the crowds waiting outside, there wasn't a ticket to be had for love nor money. Inside it was like a sauna, with strangers sitting on each other's laps not out of choice but because there was just no other place to go.

The performance of support band Yargo was a blistering display of rockin' reggae and saw various members of TPE join the crowd on the dance floor. But by the time the Petrols' set began, there was no room to move a muscle, let alone dance. I was mentally writing my will.

Steamrolling through a set which included old faves "V2," "Keen," and "It's A Good Think"; newer faves "Big Decision," "Swamp," and "For What It's Worth"; and some brand new material (the standout being "Here It Is, Take It"), the Petrols burned the place down around us. Seattle-born singer Steve Mack was even more manic than his frenzied followers and is obviously very fond of pushing his voice and his body to the absolute limit. He is one of those rare performers who truly enjoys what he's doing — always in good humor and never pulling rank on anyone. He's not afraid to sweat and he couldn't care less about how his hair looks or how much his throat will hurt later.

It was all here tonight, "Belly Bugs," "Spin Cycle," "Creeping To The Cross" and a white-hot cover of War's "Me And Baby Brother," which somehow didn't seem like a cover at all. This is a real band here, folks. No makeup, no fancy get-ups, no airs and graces. Just straight, hard hitting music with lyrics that mean something. For the people packed in here tonight, that's what they came for, that's what they shouted for, that's what they sweated buckets for and by God, that's what they got — in abundance.

Steve Mack remarked after the show, "God, we could've been so good. What was wrong with us tonight?" As much as I adore the man I could have belted him. Do they have to be so humble on top of it all? Isn't being perfect enough?



Viva X.

Laurie Russo

We asked Australian madmen The Celibate Rifles to let us in on some of their favorite things. Here, guitarist Dave "Stick Rabbit" Morris reveals his all-time Top Ten Tools (his big passion in life); and Paul "Killer Hair" Larsen tells us which clubs are, well, cool and which aren't.

CELIBATE RIFLES by Laurie Russo

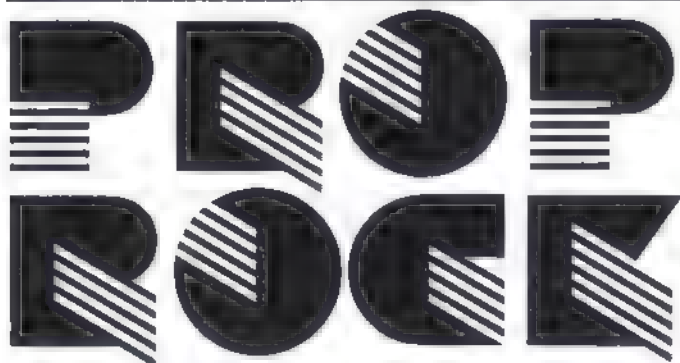


DAVE'S TOP 10 TOOLS

1. **Soldering Iron:** Invaluable for electrical connections. Weller are best.
2. **Tapered Reamer:** Perfect for enlarging holes you've drilled too small.
3. **Multimeter:** Indispensable for measuring current, voltage, resistance, etc.
4. **Screwdriver:** Life's not worth living without these.
5. **Electric Drill:** No substance is safe!
6. **Power Hacksaw:** Cuts through 100mm of steel in minutes.
7. **Drill Press:** A work of art. Keeps holes perfect.
8. **Angle Grinder:** YOWWWW!!!
9. **Nailgun:** Saves wear and tear on the hammer arm.
10. **Holesaw:** A perennial favorite.

PAUL'S TOP 10 CLUBS

1. **Bombay Rock:** Adelaide, Australia. Has great lounge chairs to lie on. Open all night. Is cheap 'n' nasty and has great bands playing.
2. **Propaganda Club:** Sydney, Australia. It's fun to laugh at the people. It has wall to wall girls, and it's the name of my favorite mag!
3. **Prince of Wales:** Melbourne, Australia. You can arrive on Friday and not leave till Sunday, especially when we play Fri. & Sat. nights there.
4. **CBGB's:** New York City. It's great — the only place to be in New York.
5. **Town & Country Club:** London. Really nice place to see a band. Clean with good sound system.
6. **QE2:** Albany, New York. Great people, nice gigs.
7. **The Blind Pig:** Ann Arbor, Michiagn. A great little club — I really like this place.
8. **Paridiso:** Amsterdam. The perfect gig.
9. **Mark & Laurie's flat in Islington:** London. My favorite place to hang out. Great Ivor Biggun records! [Not to mention the VCR, home cooking, Prisoner Cell Block H, and the fact that it's very, very cheap. Right, Paul?]
10. **Clarendon:** Has to be the worst club in the world — it's a dive. The bouncers are terrible and so are the bar and staff!



Ian McCulloch
of Echo and the Bunnymen.
pours over his favorite mag.



Sherri Durrell

Lemmy, one of the Bunnymen.



Sherri Durrell

Sherri cruises the S.F. red light strip with Kid Chaos of The Cult.



Kim Tilley



Kim Tilley

A Powerhouse of a Concert

WRITTEN BY LAURIE RUSSO

PHOTOS BY LAURIE RUSSO

**Balaam
& the
Angel**

**All
About
Eve**

**The
Mission**

**The
Wildflowers**

Oh, what a night. 150 miles away from home in a strange (and I do mean strange) city. This was Balaam's first gig in their adopted hometown of Birmingham for a year, so they decided to throw a little shindig.

The Wildflowers were first on the bill and gave us a flawless set, including my personal favorite, "A Kind of Kingdom." They've improved considerably since the last time I saw them (early '86) and even then they were great. "We've got to be off by quarter past," they complained. "All the way from Wolverhampton to play for ten minutes. We shoulda stayed home." The crowd did not agree. The six song set may have been too short, but they were glad the Wildflowers came out to play.

Next up should have been All About Eve, but the sudden appearance of roadie Jez onstage signalled the unmistakable presence of the Mission. Actually, it wasn't too much of a surprise, though it was unannounced and unadvertised; they had pulled the same stunt the week before at London's Marquee club. We were treated with a sharp four song set, predictably containing one new song, "Heat," predictably containing "1969," and predictably ending with "Shelter From the Storm." What was not so predictable was the



Balaam and the Angel rocks Birmingham, England.



Balaam and the Angel.

All About Eve are my favorite band — the sun shines out of Julianne Regan's behind as far as I'm concerned. But this was a mess. Five songs, sloppily churned out, not even helped by the well rehearsed bit of spontaneity — the Wayne/Julianne duet on "Shelter From the Rain," although touching, wasn't quite as moving as it had been at the Marquee. In all honesty, with half of the Mission onstage, it should have been an event. But it ended up as a hasty run-through of five songs [150 miles for five songs? Thank you very much.] and was saved only by the unfailing charm and talent of the beautiful Julianne, who still can't put a dainty foot wrong with me. The woman is indeed a Goddess. Anyway, Eves, you did what you could under the circumstances, and since I love you madly, you are forgiven.

With an air of professionalism that magically transformed the Powerhouse from a club into Madison Square Garden, Balaam and the Angel showed why it was them everyone had come to see. The three of them sounded like ten up there, and within the first thirty seconds, I had decided that without a doubt I was glad I'd come to Birmingham tonight. After trudging around America playing second fiddle to the Mission, Balaam are back again as a headlining band. Ironically, tonight it was the Mission supporting *them* for a change. This is one class act. Balaam and the Angel are a first-rate rock band. There's not much more you can say about them; they're simply among the best.

So. A superb set from the Wildflowers; the comic relief of Wayne Hussey and his band of Missionaries; the vision of loveliness that is Julianne — the magic of All About Eve; and the shimmering guitar heroics of Balaam and the Angel. Not a bad way to spend a Sunday night. Worth the train fare, I think.

onstage free-for-all, encouraged, of course, by dear sweet Wayne, rock's perennial Peter Pan. By the end of the set, he was being hoisted upon numerous drunken shoulders, the security guards were throwing up their hands in despair, and Wayne was grinning that turd-eating grin of his, ear to ear. Thanks for the memories, Wayne.

No sooner had the Mission stumbled off the stage than All About Eve were assembled amidst the ruins, trying to salvage their set. As new human beatbox Mark had been unfortunately injured in a car crash, the Mission's Mick Brown was drafted in on drums. Now, I will freely admit that



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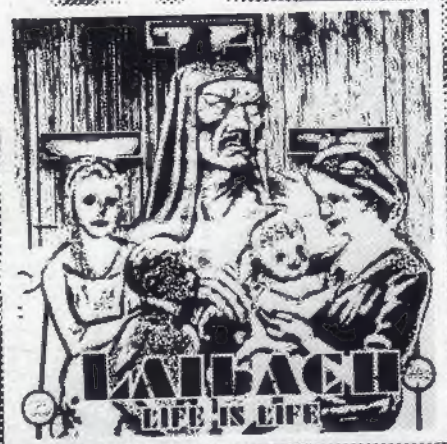
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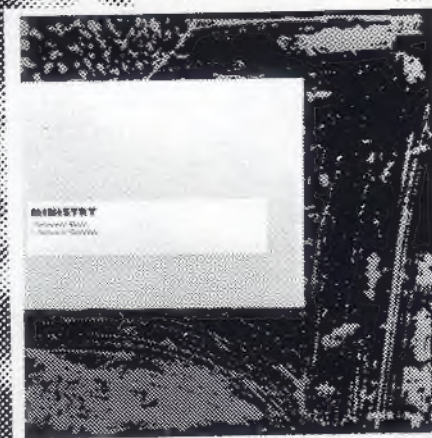
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